£250 FOR TWELVE MATCHES (SEE INSIDE).

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1174.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 11, 1913. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DUNVILLE'S

V R

Ins
"BOTT
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May be obtained

WHISKY

Write direct fo

DUNVILLE & Co. Ltd., BELFAST or

HOE'S SAUCE

A meal without Hoe's Sauce is like champagne without the sparkle. Hoe's supplies the vivacity—the little extra touch which makes all the difference to enjoyment.

Columbia HORNLESS INSTRUMENTS
Prices from **£5 10s.** to **£30**

There is only one make of Hornless Instrument that gives a satisfactorily loud reproduction—Columbia. There is the "Crescent" at **£5 10s.**, or the "Savoy" (as illustrated above), in Oak at **£8 8s.**, or Mahogany at **£9 9s.** These latter are the most popular hornless types in the whole world—thousands have been sold.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK.

DON'T ask for a gramophone—the cheapest trash is often sold under that name. Insist upon a standard make. You will be sure of getting the best instrument if you ask for it by the name Columbia GRAPH-o-phone.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK.

COLUMBIA
GRAPH-o-phones

are Famous All the World Over as "the Instruments that NEVER break down!"

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES SENT POST FREE.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO. GEN'L (Dept. PW.), 81 City Rd., London, E.C.

Columbia GRAPH-o-phones
Prices from **£3** to **£30**

Only Columbia GRAPH-o-phones carry the same guarantee of reliability at all prices from **£3** to **£30**. The above shows the popular medium-price model and the world's standard **£5 10s.**

DAR... NO ...ORE

Holeproof Hose.

Stockings & Socks That Don't Want Mending.

Wear our Hose as hard as you like, and if a hole develops within TWO MONTHS of purchase we will

Replace Them Absolutely FREE.

You can imagine that we should not make such an offer unless we were convinced of the extraordinary good wearing qualities of our socks and stockings. No more ... accessary darning. So you ... occupations. With every pair ... GUARANTEE TICKET which distinctly states that ... TWO MONTHS of purchase ... FREE. ... Holeproof Hosiery. ... weight ... the corn fort and pleasure ... man conveys a sense of well-being and satisfaction all day long, while to business girls and busy housewives to whom the weekly darning is a long and tiresome task, the benefit is incalculable. Price—Two pairs of Gent's Socks, 2/6, post. 2d. Two pairs Ladies' Stockings 2/6, post. 2d.

Copyright Trade Design.

COLOURED HOSE.—For Ladies, in Black, Navy Blue, Champagne, Tan, Pearl Grey & Light Mole at same prices.

SILK HOLEPROOF.—Most delightful. Specially strengthened in toes and heels with our holeproof mixture yarn. The latest Champagne colour is stocked, also Empire Blue, Pearl Grey, Tan and Black. Price, Two pairs Gent's Socks, 7/6. Post 2d. Two pairs Ladies' Stockings, 10/6. Post 2d. On the guarantee that we will replace them free if a hole develops within 2 months of purchase will you send your Postal Order? State boot size. Write your name and address distinctly. Call or write—

Guaranteed for Two Months.

VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 18), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON.

MOST WONDERFUL COAL SAVER

← 5½ ins. →

Agents Wanted.

1/6

Postage 3d.

Important Discovery that will make 1 cwt. Last Nearly as Long as 2 cwt.

It doubles the warming, heating, and cheering power of coal—that is the almost miraculous achievement of the scientific invention sold by an enterprising Brighton firm. It means that you will be able to light the fire at once every time, even if it be not well laid. It means that your coal bill will be cut in two, and that you will have extra leisure time of several hours a week in which to go to the theatre, or have other pleasures, which can be paid for with the saved half of the coal bill. It means all of these things at a total cost to you to-day of 1/6 or 2/-. That is all you pay for these privileges, except 3d. postage to bring the patent "V. and H. Grato Coal-Saver" to your home. Every ounce of the coal in the grate will burn and yield up its cheery influence for your benefit, because there is room for air to get round at the back. Look at the illustration.

You can see there is. So the fire will burn brighter and warmer and clearer always.

And yet it won't burn away the coal any faster. Why? Because you are burning a combination of half coal and half air. Coal costs money. Air costs NOTHING—it improves the fire—as burn it. You knew before you were told that air improves a fire, or why do you blow it to make it go? Just fancy, only half as much coal to be bought!

You must then send your Postal Order now for large size "V. and H. Grato Coal-Saver" (5½ in. wide), 2/-; or Small Size "V. & H. Grato-Saver" (4 in. wide), 1/6. Postage on each, 3d.

Go to the post office NOW and start this investment of 1/6 or 2/-, earning big dividends for you at once.

You will get the price back at least once a month for the next ten years, an unheard-of saving. Call or write

Agents Wanted

Burning half Coal, half air. Result—Great Heat with V. & H. Coal Saver.

VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 18), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON.

500 HOURS' LIGHT FOR 1½d.

"FOOL-PROOF" LAMP.

AGENTS WANTED.

We have named this the "Fool-Proof" Lamp because even with the most careless handling it is absolutely safe. That is, there is no exposed flame to flicker or blow out when used out of doors, near bedroom windows or curtains, or draughty corners. Many people would like their dark recesses, halls or basements well lighted, but cannot manage this because of the expense. But one of these little "Fool-Proof" Lamps placed in those eerie corners or dark staircase landings will cost no more than 1½d. for 500 hours. You will realise this better when you know that candles give only 15 hours for the same amount, and are also highly dangerous besides looking rather poverty stricken. Now these lamps are really artistic; the pattern is beautifully designed, and well executed on a copper base, and the whole is so well finished that it has the appearance of a really expensive article. It is essentially "good" looking and is totally different to the usual run of rather cheap-looking oil-lamps. Burns paraffin oil.

It can be used as a smoker's companion, and is absolutely odourless; it wears for years, and is a great boon to those who are nervous in the dark. Price **2/6**, *postage and packing, 2d.*

VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 18), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON.

NO MORE COLD FEET.

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN. Chilblains prevented

1/- PER PAIR *Post., 1d.*

SLIP ON A "SLIPON" AND KEEP WARM.

Cold feet can now be a thing of the past! You wear them next to the skin, with your socks or stockings over them; they are so delightfully soft that they will not in any way irritate the tenderest feet. Moreover, they will wash again and again. They take up absolutely no room in the shoe, and except for a deliciously warm feeling, you would not notice them at all. Think of the many times on a cold, wet Winter's morning, while sitting in a cold railway carriage, you have wished for some means whereby that icy feeling could be banished from your feet. Secure the comforting warmth you so much desire now.

GO THROUGH THE COLD IN COMFORT.

You may easily do so. If your feet are warm you are warm all over. Our Slipons create such a glowing sense of comfort and warmth that you feel cheerful and cosy and able to face the worst weather. Of great comfort to those who suffer from Chilblains, in fact, many of our delighted customers tell us they have not suffered from them at all since wearing our Slipons. Send boot size and we will fit you exactly. The price is 1/- PER PAIR (P.O.'s only), and 1d. for postage. Stop reading and send for a pair. Write name and address distinctly. Call or write:

Agents Wanted.

VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 18), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON.

6

6D. PACKETS of Early PEAS GIVEN AWAY.

SEE

The SMALLHOLDER

NOW ON SALE. ONE PENNY.

At all Newsagents.

Try growing Green Peas in your own garden this year with one of these Free Packets. They are so easy to grow!

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE IS SO VERY DELICIOUS!

ALWAYS ASK FOR **ZIG-ZAG** BEST CIGARETTE PAPER

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS and when writing to advertisers please mention "P. W."

I've found out where mother keeps the

Laitova Lemon Cheese.

The daily spread for children's bread. It saves the butter bill.

Among all the food dainties known there is none so deliciously appetising, wholesome and strengthening as Laitova.

The ingredients chosen from the purest of farm products are rendered extremely easy of digestion by skilful manufacture, whilst all their body-building properties are retained.

Laitova is the ideal food delicacy when eaten on pastry, bread or in puddings. Try Laitova sandwiches for tea,

Your grocer sells it. In Jars—6½d., 3½d., & 2d.

M11 SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM LTD., Cornbrook, Manchester.

Come to the Cup Final AT OUR EXPENSE (See page 736.)

(See page 736.)

PEA... TO I... TO ELEVA...

No. 1171. TRANSMISSION AT ... W...

THIS BOY WILL GET ON.

"A PENNYWORTH of butter-drops, please."

When the sweets were only the boy exclaimed: "Oh, I see you've got some mint rock."

"You can have mint rock ... you like," said the genial shopkeeper.

"Well, I think I will."

The boy looked round with longing eyes. Just as the little packet was made up he said: "I notice you have some toffee."

"Would you rather have toffee?"

"Please, Mrs. Brown."

She handed him the toffee, and he at once made towards the door.

"You didn't pay for the toffee!" shouted Mrs. Brown.

"I gave you the mint rock instead."

"But you didn't pay for the mint rock."

"I left the butter-drops for it."

"You didn't pay for them either."

"No, you remember, Mrs. Brown, I never really got them."

LADY: "The servant who works for me must be very economical."

Applicant: "My last mistress discharged me for that very reason."

Lady: "For being economical?"

Applicant: "Yes, with me clothes. I used to wear hers."

"I'M a self-made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the listener.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is too big for the part you think with."

HEAP BIG LIE.

A CHINAMAN was brought before the magistrate for an infraction of the city by-laws and fined a sovereign. The magistrate found it difficult to explain the ... to the "Celestial," who stubbornly ... his knowledge of English.

"Now, look here, John," the local leak explained impatiently, "it's ... see? You pay money, or go to prison. Savvy?"

"No savvy," was the Chinaman's ... for the ... time.

"Let me get at him," ... the burly ... who had ... "I'll ... Permission being given, Pat jumped into the dock and, taking the Chinaman by the pigtail, he bawled into his ear: "You will ... two pound ..."

"Heap big lie," ... "it's only one."

Postal Orders, Watches, ... Pens, Bi...

Come to the Cup Final AT OUR EXPENSE (See page 736.)

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

For Scotsmen Only. We'll Bring You from SCOTLAND to LONDON to see the INTERNATIONAL. (See page 735.)

No. 1174. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 11, 1913. ONE PENNY.

THIS BOY WILL GET ON.

"A PENNYWORTH of butter-drops, please."

When the sweets were ready the boy exclaimed: "Oh, I see you've got some mint rock."

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"Well, I think I will."

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HEAP BIG LIE.

A CHINAMAN was brought before the magistrate for an infraction of the city by-laws and fined a sovereign. The magistrate found it difficult to explain the punishment to the "Chinkie," who stubbornly refused to admit his knowledge of English.

"Now, look here, John," the local beak explained impatiently, "it's a sovereign, see? You pay money, no go prison. Savvy?"

"No savvy," was the Chinaman's retort, for the twentieth time.

"Let me get at him," ejaculated the burly policeman (fresh from Ireland) who had made the arrest. "I'll tache the hay-thin to miscomprehend yer honour."

Permission being given, Pat jumped into the dock and, taking the Chinaman by the pig-tail, he bawled into his ear: "You wid the face from the tea-caddy, d'ye hear; ye're fined two pounds."

"Heap big lie," replied the Chinaman blandly; "it's only one."

QUICK BUSINESS.

IN a banker's office the other day, a door opened, a head stuck itself quickly into the opening, and a voice demanded:

"Quarter?"

"Yes," the bank manager replied.

"Month?"

"Yes."

"Four half?"

"No, five."

"Right."

The head withdrew.

"What kind of a cipher is that you are talking?" asked a friend.

"No cipher at all," the manager replied. "That was one of our leading financiers and I have just arranged to lend him £250,000 for a month at five per cent."

"WAS she what you could call a fine singer?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you hear her?

"Yes; but I didn't think to ask Tom the price of the tickets."

BIRTHDAY NOTES.

Mon., January 6.
There are only two things in the world to worry over—the things you can control and the things you can't. Fix the first, forget the second.

Tues., January 7.
Amazing inaccuracy belongs to all really charming women.

Wed., January 8.
Some women break windows because they can't break hearts.

Thurs., January 9.
In love-making, as in other arts, those do it best who cannot tell how it is done.

Fri., January 10.
Asking a girl if you may kiss her before doing it is an unfair way of laying all the responsibility on her.

Sat., January 11.
As lovers, men are inclined to be general practitioners rather than specialists.

Sun., January 12.
Man is like a cat—chase him and he'll run; sit still and ignore him and he'll come purring at your feet.

A LECTURE ON LODGERS.

"WHAT is a lodger?" Nearly everybody knows what a lodger is, and such a simple matter is hardly worth discussing.

A lodger, in short, is a man who maintains impecunious people in affluence. He provides his landlady with tea and pocket-money, and his landlord with tobacco and pipes. He furnishes the domestic cat with fish, spirits, cold meat, bread, sardines, glass, earthenware, books, and fruit.

He saves his landlady's eldest son the necessity of buying collars, ties, pocket-handkerchiefs, or gloves, and supplies her daughter with books, scent, pomade, brushes and combs, writing-paper and envelopes. He pays the gas-bill for the whole household, and keeps the establishment in coals. Such is the lodger.

EASY FOOTBALL CONTEST THIS WEEK.

£250

For 12 Matches.

(See page 726.)

HE WAS ANNOYED.

A BILLIARD match was arranged between two of the local champions. The favourite was well supported, and felt in particularly good spirits before the commencement of the match, in the village inn.

Unfortunately his luck seemed to be out that night, so that before the game had progressed very much he found the odds dead against him.

Full of chagrin and mortification, he picked up his cue, placed it in the old-fashioned tin cue-case, and, shouldering it, strode out into the dark street; he had just passed the lamp-post at the corner of the street when a yokel came running up to him, and, pointing to the lamp, exclaimed: "Hi, mister, yer've fergot this 'un!"

"I SAW that man gazing into your eyes," said Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie. "I felt complimented until I learned that he is studying to be an oculist. I had the same disappointing experience with a young dentist who was always anxious to make me smile."

THE NOISE OF SILENCE.

THE youth was in danger of drifting into bad courses, when one of the noble people who interest themselves in such cases persuaded him to accept employment on a farm. Alas! a week later the lad reappeared in his old haunts.

"What, James!" exclaimed his benefactor reproachfully, "back again? Why didn't you stay on the farm?"

"I couldn't stand the country, sir," answered the bred and born gutter-snipe.

"Too quiet for ye—eh?"

"Quiet, not 'arf; much too noisy," cried James. "Why, crikey, sir, it was fair deafenin'. Wot wi' the row of the birds in the daytime, and the noise of the silence at night, I very near went off my 'ead."

A FOUR-BOB HOLD.

THE proprietor of the engineering works was casting his eagle eye round, and, alack! it fell upon an unhappy apprentice who was using his hammer rather gingerly.

"Look ye here, laddie," he said, going up to the youth and taking the hammer from him, "when I see a man that takes his hammer by the end of the shaft, and strikes a proper blow like this, I give that man 32s. a week; but a man that takes it in the middle like this only gets 25s. a week, and the sack whenever we get slack. See?"

Hoping that he had sufficiently well driven home his point, he surveyed the lad more in sorrow than in anger; but the latter requested an extension of the lesson.

"Please, sir," he questioned, "where do I hold it for four bob a week?"

Postal Orders, Watches, Stylo Pens, Briar Pipes, Sealing-wax Sets, and Blue Bird Brooches offered in this week's footlines.

£250 FOR 12 MATCHES

No Goals Required. No Entrance Fee.

THIS Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form opposite you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, January 18th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will **lose**. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a **draw**, then leave names of both teams in.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

WHAT WINNERS SAY OF "PEARSON'S FOOTBALL ANNUAL."

Frederick G. Rose, Police Station, Willenhall, Staffs, writes:—

"I was very pleased when your representative informed me that I had won a football prize. We have a 'Pearson's Football Annual' in the Station, and I find it a great help in filling up my coupon."

Mr. W. A. Glanville, 39 Gifford Place, Mutley, says:—

"I am pleased to tell you that I have 'Pearson's Football Annual.' I find it helps me splendidly."

Mr. J. Meakin, Waingroves, Nr. Codnor, writes:—

"I received your cheque this morning. You will be pleased to hear that I have found 'Pearson's Football Annual' a great help."

Miss Ethel Rayner, 24 Roland Gardens, S. Kensington, says:—

"Thank you for the good news that I have won a football prize. I have one of your annuals and I find it very useful."

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 20" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, January 17th.
5. Only one coupon may be sent by each reader.
6. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of two or more matches not being played, the £250 will not be awarded.
7. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
9. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
10. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
11. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
12. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Cut Out Coupon and Post to Us Unfolded.

Closing Date, FRIDAY, JAN. 17th.

Pearson's Football Contest

No. 20.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Jan. 18th

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Chelsea	v	Newcastle United
Bradford City	v	Bolton Wanderers
Woolwich Arsenal	v	Sheffield United
West Bromwich Albion	v	Aston Villa
Manchester City	v	Liverpool
Lincoln City	v	Burnley
Notts Forest	v	Preston North End
Huddersfield Town	v	Wolverhampton Wand.
Northampton Town	v	Queen's Park Rangers
Merthyr Town	v	West Ham United
Stoke	v	Coventry City
Reading	v	Bristol Rovers

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named club.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST NO. 16.

Matches played on Saturday, Dec. 21st.

In this contest the prize of £25 has been divided by the following competitors, who had each three matches incorrect: J. H. Scabright, 11A Melbourne Rd., Ilford; R. M. Townsell, 14 Albert St., Llanelly, S. Wales; W. J. Dix, 32 Shakespeare Rd., Herne Hill, S.E.; John Musk, 23 Brandiwood Rd., Stacksteads, Nr. Bacup; D. Edwards, 43 Dover St., Leicester.

Results of Footline Competitions.

"FIG" CONTEST.

Prizes of five stylo pens were offered for the best drawings of a face, produced entirely from figures, similar to the illustration appearing on page 630 of *P.W.*, dated December 14th. The winners were the following:

O. Baird, 127 Telephone Rd., Southsea; W. F. Catt, 13 Westmount Terr., Priory Hill, Dover; H. Smith, 13 Cambridge Rd., St. Albans; W. Whatley, 124 Rosebery Rd., Swindon; A. E. Wood, 1 Dryden St., Hull.

"KNOCKED" CONTEST.

Readers were asked to suggest what Jones exclaimed when, in the struggle to get on a tram-car one morning, he had his hat knocked off, and also lost the car. The five briar pipes offered for the best things said have been allocated as follows:

E. Arnold, 67 St. Mary St., Cardiff; P. Corr, 52 Richardson St., Ravenhill Rd., Belfast; W. Gardner, 33 Stevenson Drive, Glasgow, S.S.; G. Mutch, 1 Albert Place, Aberdeen; J. C. Tunbull, 64 Hilltown, Dundee.

"MISKICK" CONTEST.

The following were the winners of the five watches offered for the best "sarcasms," supposed to be the remarks of the captain when "Chortles," instead of getting in a splendid kick at the football, sent his boot, which was loose, flying halfway up the field:

F. D. Beare, Winchester St., Andover; J. R. Burdon, 538 High Rd., Chiswick, W.; A. Dingley, 57 Stanley Rd., Brighton; A. Leighton, 57 Gladstone Rd., Watford; J. H. Walters, 52 High St., Sedgley, Staffs.

"LONGEST" CONTEST.

In this contest prizes of ten penknives were offered to the first ten readers who discovered the three longest words contained in *P.W.*, dated December 14th. The awards were as follows:

J. Ball, 5 High St., Weston, Bath; Capt. J. H. Challice, Royal Naval Hospital, Gt. Yarmouth; S. J. Clifton, Priory Grove, Tenbridge; A. Franklin, 8 Windsor Rd., Southall; Pte. J. A. Minchin, No. 4 Coy., 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards, Blenheim Barracks, Aldershot; A. E. Mortley, 89 Burley Rd., Sittingbourne; H. Palmer, 1 Una Rd., Parkeston, Harwick; R. Pimley, 9 Chaddock St., Preston, Lancs; Mrs. Symes, 52 Mercera Rd., Tufnell Pk., Holloway; C. Taylor, 32 Marsh House Lane, Warrington.

"MOUSE" CONTEST.

"Why is an old maid like a mouse?" Lady competitors were requested to solve this problem, and a blue-bird brooch has been forwarded to each of the following prizewinners, who submitted the best replies:

Mrs. L. M. Allen, 80 Arundel Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; Miss M. Ewing, 10 Molen Straat, Enchedé, Holland; Mrs. Gravells, 4 Cawsand Married Quarters, Cawsand, Plymouth; Mrs. L. Harrie, 65 Comerford Rd., Brockley; Mrs. W. Spain, 83 Dykes Hall Rd., Sheffield.

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

USEFUL HINTS THAT MAY ENABLE YOU TO WIN THE £250 PRIZE.

THE following notes will help our readers in estimating the capabilities of the various teams, and may assist them in correctly forecasting the results of the twelve matches in the coupon on this page.

The First Division Games.

The brilliant career that was foreshadowed for the Chelsea Pensioners has somewhat sideslipped, and we find them reposing nearer the foot than the head of the League table.

It is characteristic of the Pensioners that they play their best games against the more scientific teams, and, in meeting Newcastle United, they will have opponents after their own heart, and a great struggle should ensue. Since the "Magpies" defeated Everton by six clear goals they have only been able to account for Notts County away from Newcastle, and have suffered defeats at home from Manchester United, Sheffield United, and Derby County. Chelsea has a fair chance, and *ought* to capture the two points at stake.

Bradford City are a team which seems to have struck a bad patch. Since their defeat by Blackburn Rovers they have lost home and away matches by the odd goal, but a slight improvement took place during Christmas week. Bolton Wanderers are their opponents on January 18, and the encounter should produce a strenuous game. Last year in the corresponding match the Wanderers lost by the odd goal, and it would not create much surprise if a similar result occurred again, but the Bolton Wanderers are just the kind of team which may upset the best calculations.

The woes of the Woolwich team have been dilated upon so much lately that it is perhaps as well not to say too much about the game with Sheffield United at Plumstead. It is a fact, however, that the men fra' Sheffield, as represented by the United, have not been able to claim a single victory during the last four years.

The Tit-bit of the Matches.

West Bromwich Albion are about the fastest team in the League, and when Aston Villa pay them a visit the sparks are likely to fly. Last season the corresponding match resulted in a draw of two all. It looks like a good thing for the "Throstles," as the "Villans" have not been successful in winning the maximum number of points away from home since the end of September, when they defeated Everton by the odd goal. But Aston Villa generally manage to rise to the occasion, and if the forwards do not leave their shooting-boots behind a surprise may happen.

Manchester City has been described as the surprise packet of the season, but the latter term can be applied, with just as much truth, to Liverpool. If there is a team in the First League which cannot be depended upon to do just what is expected that team is undoubtedly Liverpool. The Anfielders are quite capable of defeating the "Citizens" at Hyde Road, as they have done in the corresponding matches for the last two seasons. Liverpool is a team which often exhibits instances of brilliant individual play, but the fact is that these brilliant samples do not always come off, and more harassing tactics will have to be employed against the Manchester defence if they are to win on this occasion.

The "Citizens" have apparently lost their form, as they could only gather in one point as a result of two matches with the 'Spurs, and recently lost at home to Manchester United.

Second and Southern League Matches.

Lincoln City have not much to write home about concerning their recent visits to South Shields, Barnsley, and Bradford. Notwithstanding these setbacks, Burnley will find it no picnic in collecting the two points at Lincoln.

Notts Forest and Preston North End seem to like their matches to end in draws. Up to the present the North Enders claim nine, and Notts Forest seven. So, according to all the laws of the book, when they meet next week the game should result in another draw.

Huddersfield are a most difficult side to defeat at home. But where many have failed perhaps the Wolverhampton Wanderers may be able to snatch a victory. Last season the match ended in a draw, and history may repeat itself.

The great majority of the Southern League games this season have gone in favour of the home clubs, and it is doubtful if any of the visiting teams in the coupon will be able to defeat the homesters.

Read the story on page 728, entitled "The Bashfulness of Bertie Bunson." ☞

Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

THE STOLEN TAXI. By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

"I SEE," said Pincher, looking up from the paper he had been reading in the intervals of glancing at me reproachfully for attempting to work after he had arrived—"I see that there's some talk that the rise in petrol will mean that a good many taxi-cabs will be taken off the road unless they're allowed to charge bigger fares."

"So I've heard," I said, and went on writing. The little man poked the fire and, deliberately, I believe, dropped the poker, with a terrible clatter, in the fender.

"I once drove a taxi," he said, as I looked up and glared at him; "but don't look like that, guv'nor. You'd much better put that bloomin' work away for a bit. Haul out the whisky and cigars, an' be nice an' affable like!"

Realising the uselessness of doing anything else, I complied with his demands, and the little man beamed at me over his glass.

"Pinchin' taxis is a risky game, guv'nor," he said. "In fact, it's only under what you might call ideal circumstances that it can be done at all. I struck the ideal circumstance, so to speak, in a dirty little pub up Soho way. It was ten o'clock in the mornin', an' I'd been hangin' about the pub, knowin' it was a favourite resort of a pal of mine who I hoped to touch for a bit, an' the cab, havin' stood outside for best part of an hour, I went to investigate, havin' a vague sorter scheme in my head for workin' a little dodge if things turned out as I expected.

"I walked into the bar very smart and businesslike, an' there lyin' on a seat was the driver of the cab, so sound asleep that all the landlord's shakin' couldn't wake him.

"'A nice job I've had to find this chap,' I says. 'He ought to have been back in the yard hours ago. I'm a relief man to take a driver's place in case of accidents. I was goin' to the police-station an' hospitals, but a pal of his told me I might find him here.'

"Then I explained to the landlord that I didn't want to get the man into trouble, an' I suggested that we should take him to some room, an' let him have his sleep out. I told the landlord that it wouldn't do him any good to have the chap found drunk on his premises, an' that if we tried to get him out he was certain to kick up a row.

"The landlord was very angry about it, but he helped me to carry the chap into a little back room. He said he'd come in talkin' about an all-night job he'd had for which he'd got a tip of half-a-quid. He'd seemed sober enough then, an' had a few drinks, an' then sank back on the seat an' gone to sleep.

"I didn't quite swallow that, guv'nor; an' from the way the landlord helped me hide the man away to sleep off the effects I reckoned he was anxious not to have a bobby about the place; but that didn't worry me. I took his overcoat an' cap an' told the landlord to tell him to go to the yard with the best yarn he could think of w'en he felt equal to it. Then, havin' a drink to show there was no ill-feelin', I went out an' put my hat under the driver's seat an' started up the engine, after pulling away at the blanked handle for nearly five minutes.

"As you know, I've had a bit to do with motors, though I ain't exactly wot you'd call an expert. I knew I'd taken on quite as much as I could manage w'en I got into the seat an' pulled the big overcoat round me, but I reckoned to clear a nice little bit, an' then just w'en the police would be gettin' on the track to leave it in a deserted road.

"Well, guv'nor, after a little argument with an Italian wot had a lot to say because I nearly knocked over his bloomin' roast chestnut barrow, I got away, goin' very slow till I'd got the hang of things a bit. Soon I found that I was holdin' up quite a line of taxis in a narrow road, an' w'en it widened a bit, an' they got past me, one chap had some rude remarks to make about the first taxi hearse he'd ever seen.

"But by the time I turned into Oxford Street I was beginnin' to get more at home on the box o' tricks, though the traffic gave me shivers. I was tellin' a motor-'bus driver wot I thought of him whilst we was stopped near Oxford Circus w'en a young cove hopped into the cab.

"'Hammersmith Broadway,' he says; 'an' be as quick as you can.'

"That would be a nice fat fare, I thought, so, after gettin' clear of Oxford Street, I let her out a bit. You see, I knew London as well as most men, an', as he looked a knowin' sorter card, I didn't take any risk of goin' a long way round.

"Lor, the narrow escapes we had! I fair frightened myself at times; an' I wasn't sorry w'en I pulled up alongside the pavement, havin' missed a blanked electric-tram by about a couple of inches.

"Then I had a awful shock. I turned to see wot the taximeter registered, an' saw I'd forgotten to pull the handle down, an' there it was showin' nothin'.

"'I ain't goin' to pay you anythin',' says my bloomin' fare. 'Tryin' to swindle the company, that's wot you're doin'.'

"'Five shillin's,' I says; 'that's wot I want from you, sir.'

"'Not a penny will you get from me,' he says. 'I ain't goin' to encourage fraud. There's a policeman over there. If you want your money you'd better call him.'

"I should have liked to have told that young cove wot I thought of him, but I wasn't in a position to take risks, so after a bit of trouble I turned round an' started for the West End again, an' before I'd gone far I had a bit of luck, for a toff with a pretty gal hailed me, an' said they wanted to go to Bond Street. I didn't forget the blanked flag arrangement this time, guv'nor; an', as I saw they was holdin' hands an' lookin' very happy, I didn't hurry, an' I took 'em a long way round. Six bob I got for that little job, includin' the tip, an' I'd no sooner set them down than an old boy got in an' told me to take him to Charin' Cross.

"Well, guv'nor, I was just beginnin' to think about takin' up taxi-drivin' as a reg'lar profession, w'en I heard a few mild sorter explosions, an' then the blanked cab began to slow down, an' came to a stop in the middle of the road, just near Piccadilly Circus.

"Off I got, an', liftin' up the bonnet, looked at the complicated mass of machinery. Nothin' was broken, that I could see, so I did the barrel-organ act with the startin'-handle till I was absolutely done up an' sweatin' like a bull. There was a lot of traffic held up, an' my fare was carryin' on awful.

"'Here, you move along!' says a bobby, comin' up to me. 'You're disorganisin' the traffic.'

"I told him I was only too willin' to move along, but the blanked machine didn't happen to be of the same mind, an' I asked him to take a turn at the startin' handle. He was no sport that copper, but him an' me an' a couple of loafers pushed the cab up near to the pavement, an' a driver from the rank close by strolled up.

"'Have you flooded your carburettor?' he says, liftin' the bonnet.

"Not knowin' wot he was talkin' about, I said I hadn't, an' watched him whilst he pressed a little knob up and down. Then he laughed.

"'Your trouble is that you ain't got no petrol, mate,' he says. 'Ain't you got a spare can with you?'

"While I was tryin' to comfort the old cove in a hurry, he found the spare can, an' w'en I explained I was a beginner, he said as how anyone could see that with half an eye, an' filled the tank for me, an' I got goin' again, after havin' to listen to a lot of rude remarks from the crowd wot had got round.

"Well, I got the old boy to Charing Cross in time to miss his train by ten minutes, an' he carried on as though it was my fault, an' only gave me the exact fare. By then it was gettin' on for midday, an' I reckoned I'd got to have a very good afternoon to make the game worth the candle, so to speak.

"Just as I got into the Strand a old gal waved her gamp for me to stop. She wanted me to take her to some flats by Battersea Park, an' she told me to drive very slow. I didn't mind that, for goin' fast in thick traffic was a bit tryin' to the nerves, so I turned down Whitehall at a nice steady pace, an' then all of a sudden I very near ran into the back of a motor-'bus, for I was passin' a cab rank, an' talkin' to another driver was the boozy chap whose cab I'd pinched.

"He spotted me just as I was passin'.

"'There he is!' I heard him say as I pushed down the accelerator pedal, an' dodged round the 'bus. 'After him in your cab, Bill.'

"I looked round, an' there was the other cab after me at full lick.

"I reckon I must have broken records down Whitehall that mornin'. There was the poor old gal bangin' away at the glass with her umbrella an' screamin' to me to go slow, an' the fool in the cab behind yellin' something I couldn't catch, but wot I knew didn't mean me any good.

"Opposite the Houses of Parliament I had a bit of luck, for I just slipped through in the tail of a line of traffic w'en the bobby held up his hand an' stopped the cab that was followin.'

"But I knew he'd soon explain to the copper, an' there would be a hue-and-cry after me, so I wheeled round into Dean's Yard, very near doin' in a parson wot was studyin' the gateway, then I jammed on the brakes an' stopped the engine.

"The old gal was sitting back quite white an' very near faintin', I should say, but I'd no time to trouble about her. Like lightnin' I slipped off the overcoat an' cap, chucked 'em on the seat, an', snatchin' my hat, I sprinted off for all I was worth, through the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

"I didn't breathe free until I was the other side of the bridge, then I went into a pub I knew an' had a bit of grub. Seven shillin's was all I'd got in a bloomin' excitin' mornin', an' I never want to drive a taxi again.

"I looked in all the papers, expectin' to see an account of wot had happened, but there was nothin' about it, though in the correspondence column of one paper there was a letter signed 'Victim,' an' addressed from a vicarage in the country, complainin' of the reckless drivin' of London cabmen. I suppose, on the whole, I might have done worse, an' I often wonder wot sort of explanation the reg'lar driver gave the police an' the owners of the cab!"

(Another of Pincher's amusing yarns next week.)

"Move along," says a bobby, comin' up to me. "You're disorganisin' the traffic."

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition: there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a 'bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner. So

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

—I want a better title for the story. The shorter the title the better. ☞

The Bashfulness of Bertie Bunson

A "Fishy" Tale. By MYLES MYLTON

As Mr. Bunson emerged from the factory gate, a pugilistic-looking gentleman, in engineer's overalls, stepped out and barred his progress.

AT Willowfield's Rubber Works it is a time-honoured custom among the rank and file of the employees to call one another by Christian names (in an abbreviated form where possible), and to bestow on superiors a suitable nick-name or pet-name. Hence, before Mr. Albert Bunson had been three days installed as assistant foreman, it became known that he was extremely fastidious in the minor details of dress, and also that he bore himself gallantly in the presence of the fair sex. Therefore, at a hastily-convened meeting of sponsors, it was at once unanimously agreed that the new-comer should be called "Bertie," and so "Bertie" he became.

As far as outward appearance went, Bertie was certainly a ladies' man, and he soon became an object of interest to the "Willowfield" girls. On the other hand, one of the "Willowfield" girls became more than an object of interest to Mr. Bunson; he found himself irresistibly drawn to the young lady known as "Kit," who acted as clerical assistant to his superior, Mr. Trench, the shop-foreman.

But for a ladies' man Bertie had one great failing—he suffered from uncontrollable self-consciousness and bashfulness when in the presence of the other sex. The hundred and one little colloquial phrases, flattering comments, and fragments of repartee which accompanied the easy intercourse of the sexes in the factory, were readily conceived in the brain of the under-foreman, but they trembled on his lips and were never audibly uttered.

Hence, while Bertie was looked upon as a desirable "catch," he was voted "slow" by the girls; and more than one expressed the opinion that he wanted "bringing out."

The only one who seemed to appreciate his difficulty was "Kit." She never giggled before Bertie's wordless expressions or poked fun at his blushes. On the contrary, she invariably tried to help him out by commencing the conversation and doing most of the talking herself.

A chance remark put the machinery of courtship into motion and gave Bertie the opportunity he longed for—to find out something about the personality of his charmer.

"What d'you think of *'er* now?" queried "Fishy," the storekeeper (Sam Fish before his re-christening), nudging Mr. Bunson's elbow vigorously as "Kit" passed before the stores counter one day.

"That's the girl they called 'Kit,' ain't it?" queried Bertie innocently but somewhat nervously.

Mr. Fish nodded meditatively and turned a critical eye on the under-foreman.

"Ain't she a spanker, now? 'Ead an' shoulders above every other girl 'ere as far as looks and figure is concerned—what d'*you* think?"

Mr. Bunson's reply was a heartfelt sigh; he was lost between a feeling of intense admiration and a fear that perhaps the storekeeper had "designs."

"If I wasn't a married man——"

Bertie breathed more freely; he stammered an anxious inquiry.

"Is she—er—engaged or—er—fixed up with anybody, d'you know?"

The tone of the query betrayed the motive which impelled it. Mr. Fish looked up at the questioner with a grin.

"So far she's given 'em all the 'go-by' 'ere, and 'e'll be a lucky chap who fetches 'er to church. You're a giddy bachelor, ain't you, Bertie?"

Bertie ignored the question and asked abruptly:

"What's 'er name?"

"Kitty, o' course; that's what 'Kit' stands for."

"I know; but 'er other name?"

"Keep off the grass!" chuckled Mr. Fish, wagging a forefinger playfully. "But I don't mind telling you," he added, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper as he noted his friend's obvious embarrassment—"Kitty Larkins; you'll see it in the 'Address Book' if you look."

The "Address Book"! That suggested delightful possibilities to the amorous Bertie. He was now in a position to ascertain where his charmer lived—the first step towards the goal of his desires. Seizing his opportunity after the timekeeper had gone home that evening, Mr. Bunson pounced on the "Address Book" and eagerly ran his finger down the section allotted to the letter "L."

Without much trouble he found an entry dated 8th November, 1910, which read:

"*Larkins, Kate, 14 Scotland Street, Woolwich.*"

He made a note of the information in his pocket-book and went home to think out a plan for the capture of Miss Larkins' heart and hand.

Until a late hour he wrestled with the problem. "How does a shy man start a love-affair?" he ruminated.

Mr. Bunson thought of all sorts of, to him, terrible ways, and he was on the point of going to bed in despair when a bright idea occurred to him. He could write to her—why not? A short, friendly, non-committal sort of letter. By her reply or by her demeanour towards him after receiving his letter he could ascertain how he stood.

After littering the floor with the greater part of a pennyworth of notepaper and creating a miniature lake of ink on his landlady's tablecloth, he at length produced a finished effort, which read:

"Dear Miss Larkins,—As I do not get much of a chance to speak private with you at the works without other people being present, and as you might think me taking a liberty by so doing, I am writing these few lines to ask you if you are free on to-morrow evening, would you let me take you to the Grand Theatre? I could meet you at the corner of Hare Street at 7 o'clock if you would like to come.

"Hoping you will excuse this letter from almost a stranger,—I remain, yours very truly,

"ALBERT BUNSON."

Bertie read the letter over a couple of times and derived great satisfaction from the process. In the glow of his elation he stuck the stamp on cornerwise, addressed the envelope, and just caught the midnight post.

As a result of his audacity he lay awake nearly all night and, naturally, arrived at the works earlier than usual. As he slunk into his department, nervous and shamefaced, the first person he ran into was—Kit herself.

"Good morning, Mr. Bunson! Why so sad? Lost anything?"

Bertie looked up in amazement; he beheld Kit radiant and smiling, with a glint in her eyes which could only be described as "encouraging."

A great joy took possession of the under-foreman. She was not vexed or perturbed after all. He took his fast-returning courage in both hands.

"Will you—come then? You—didn't think it a liberty?" he whispered eagerly.

"Come where?" replied the young lady coyly.

"Where I asked you to in my—letter!" blurted out Bertie awkwardly.

"Letter!" echoed Kit in surprise. "I got no letter. I leave home before the post comes."

Mr. Bunson's heart dropped like lead, and with it his resurrected hopes. She hadn't received his letter; the worst was yet to come.

"What—what was in the letter?" asked an earnest little voice with just a touch of wistful pleading in it.

"I—I wrote asking you to——"

He paused as if uncertain whether to commit his folly to spoken language. But he received an encouraging smile and:

"Well?"

"To go with me to-night to The Grand," he gulped, and hung his head to hide his burning cheeks.

"Well?" (A very faint, scarcely audible query this time.)

"That's all. I'm sorry if I——"

"I could be at the Ferry by seven o'clock if that would suit you," broke in Kit smilingly.

"You—you will?" exclaimed Bertie, almost doubting his sense of hearing. "Really?"

"Did you ask me, hoping I'd refuse?" rippled Kit mischievously.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" ejaculated Mr. Bunson to himself; "and I thought she'd be put out about it."

* * * *

Bertie "walked on air" all that morning with one thought uppermost in his mind. At seven o'clock he would be meeting Kit at the Ferry, and they would sit side by side in the stalls at The Grand. (He decided to book two seats by 'phone during the dinner-hour.)

He had one disturbing experience that day; some of the girls persisted in making "eyes" at him. One in particular—a brawny Amazon with her hair in curlers (a typical 'Arriet) seemed to be the ringleader, and her glances were positively disconcerting.

* * * *

Bertie was at the place of rendezvous at seven to the moment; so was Kit. They greeted one another like old sweethearts, and, arm-in-arm, strolled in the direction of The Grand.

As they crossed Hare Street, Mr. Bunson released his companion to enable her to manipulate her skirt. At that moment a tall, brawny young woman, resplendent in all the glory of violet cashmere, with a blue plush hat surmounted by an enormous royal blue ostrich feather, caught sight of Bertie, and ran eagerly towards him, to that gentleman's horror and amazement.

But when she reached the kerb and saw that Mr. Bunson was not alone—saw him regard her with an indignant and disgusted stare, and offer his arm to the hated "Kit," her feelings broke out of bounds, and she "let fly."

"You vixen! You doll-faced cat!" she screamed. "I'll be even with the pair of you—you—you——!"

Her breath failed her; but words would have been useless, for the couple had hurried out of earshot.

"That girl'll 'ave to be sacked!" muttered Bertie under his breath.

Once in the theatre the disturbing incident was soon forgotten, and the couple gave themselves up to unalloyed happiness—and each other. In the words of the poet it was "Roses, roses all the way."

* * * *

Mr. Bunson's peace of mind was destined to receive a rude shock the following morning. As he emerged from the factory gate at dinner-time, a pugilistic-looking gentleman in engineer's overalls stepped out and barred his progress.

"Your name Albert Bunson?" queried the stranger in a quiet but very determined tone of voice.

"Y-yes," admitted Bertie nervously; "b-but I 'aven't the pleasure of——"

"My name's Larkins—Lorry Larkins the 'heavy-weight' of Poplar; p'r'aps you've 'eard o' me?" he added grimly.

"But w-what——?"

"I'm 'ere on be'alf o' my sister Kate; an' I'm going to give you the biggest thrashing——"

"Thrashing—me!" ejaculated Mr. Bunson. "If the young lady chooses to walk out with me and accompany me to a theatre——"

"I want none o' your backsliding an' none o' your fairy-tales," broke in Mr. Larkins vehemently. "I know you; you're the bloke as thinks you can make a fool an' a laughin'-stock o' my sister, an' I'm going to paste your miserable dial——"

"B-but I don't understand."

"You don't, eh? Come 'ere, Kate, a minute."

A female figure came out from the shelter of the gateway and stood beside her brother, glaring defiantly at the nonplussed and bewildered Mr. Bunson.

It was the Amazon—she of the violet and blue feather.

"Show us that letter!" commanded Mr. Larkins, and the young woman produced the letter Bertie had intended for Kit. "Now then; did you or didn't you send that letter to *'er?*"

Like one in a dream the bewildered man gazed from his own handiwork to the athletic brother and sister. Then he glanced round the little curious crowd which was forming round them, and the first face which riveted his attention was that of Mr. Fish, the storekeeper.

And "Fishy" was laughing all over his ugly face—apparently explaining some good joke to a friend.

Like a flash, the whole truth dawned on the brain of the unhappy man. His "Kit" was not Kate Larkins. "Fishy" had played a practical joke on him.

"Show us that letter a minute!" he demanded, with a sudden show of interest.

Mr. Larkins opened out the sheet of note-paper for Bertie's inspection.

"Well," he inquired, "wotcher got to say about it?"

"Only this," replied Mr. Bunson firmly, "that that letter's a dastardly forgery. With all due respects to your sister, I never 'ad any intentions regarding 'er. I am engaged to the young woman I was seen with last night. That letter was written *by a man named Fish.* He's among the crowd there."

"Oh, it was, was it?" said Mr. Larkins. "Let me get at the gentleman; I'll teach 'im to——"

But Mr. Fish, like most practical jokers, was a coward at heart. He knew Lorry Larkins by repute, so, deeming discretion the better part of valour, he took to his heels and ran.

The crowd and Lorry took up the chase, and the result was a foregone conclusion. Only the arrival of a policeman saved the pugilist from the capital charge.

* * * *

"Funny thing about that letter of yours," remarked Kit when she joined Bertie at the gate that evening; "it hasn't turned up yet."

"I—expect it got lost in the post—they do sometimes," faltered Mr. Bunson.

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.

On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

—For the five best titles I will give Sealing-wax Sets. Mark postcards "Bertie." *(See page 746.)*

Kings and Queens of Cinema

A Series Which Will Appeal to All Lovers of Picture Palaces.

ARTHUR V. JOHNSON, a Popular Favourite Who Likes to See Himself on the Screen.

If you were to enter Arthur Johnson's house at some impossible hour of the night, or early morning, you might likely discover the pyjama-clad figure of the owner sitting up in bed and apparently playing chess with himself.

For this most popular of cinema actors is also a writer and producer of photo-plays—hundreds of them—and he plans all his scenes with the aid of chess-men, and usually at dead of night, when everything is quiet around him.

In this way are produced most of those society and other dramas for which the Lubin Company is so famous. Perhaps, too, it is owing to this that A. V. Johnson has earned for himself the reputation of being the most perfectly natural actor on the cinematograph stage. Every movement, each position, every gesture even, has been carefully thought out beforehand.

One of the First to Leave the Stage.

Mr. Johnson early saw the vast possibilities latent in the moving-picture business, and was one of the first—if not the actual first—actors to forsake the legitimate stage in order to pose before the camera. He liked it at the beginning, and has become more and more devoted to it as the years have rolled by.

As he himself puts it, his days are spent in rehearsing picture-plays, and his nights in planning them. If he gets an hour or so off of an evening he goes to a picture palace to see himself on the screen, and to study other cinema actors with a view to picking up wrinkles.

Johnson is over six feet tall and very athletic, yet strange to say he never learnt to swim. The omission nearly lost him his life a short while ago.

A picture was being rehearsed in which a canoe he was in was supposed to be swept over a cataract. A piano wire was attached to the little craft for safety, but the current was too strong, and it snapped.

The other players on the bank screamed for help, as they saw the boat slowly drifting towards the falls despite Johnson's almost frantic efforts with the paddle to restrain it. As luck would have it, however, amongst the members of the company was one Howard Mitchell, a champion swimmer.

The Canoe was Ground to Splinters.

Shouting to Johnson to abandon the canoe and take to the water, he plunged in, and reached his comrade just in time to save him from a fifty-foot drop over the edge of the falls. Meanwhile, somebody else had secured a rope, and had thrown one end of it out into the centre of the stream, where it was caught by Johnson, who held on to it with a grip of steel.

Both men were hauled safely to the bank just above the cataract, only the canoe being carried over and ground to splinters on the rocks below, and now Johnson laughingly declares that he saved Mitchell. The latter, however, insists that it was the other way about, and backs his claim by showing his Carnegie life-saving medal, which was awarded him, after due inquiry and investigation.

Mention has already been made of Mr. Johnson's fondness for seeing himself act, and in this connection he tells a funny little story.

He was seated one day amongst the audience watching that well-known Lubin film, "The New Physician," in which the interior of a large hospital is represented, with Arthur himself as a doctor, and nurses walking about, and rows of patients in their cots.

The scene greatly impressed one beholder, who sat immediately in front of the famous actor.

"Isn't that natural?" he said to a companion. "I can almost smell the iodoform!" He sniffed a little, then exclaimed emphatically:

"By George! I really can smell it! What do you think of that? Isn't it wonderful what realism they impart to these moving-picture shows nowadays."

And A. V. J. laughed softly to himself, remembering that he had come straight to the theatre from a real hospital, where a doctor had dressed for him with iodoform ointment a shot-wound in his arm, inflicted some days previously by a too excitable super.

Coins from the Crowd.

In his capacity of director and producer of photo-plays Mr. Johnson always insists that, wherever possible, the rehearsals shall take place in the actual localities depicted in the drama. This is awkward sometimes in street scenes, which are apt to be spoilt by the intrusion of curious crowds. But even these annoyances have their comic interludes.

Once, for example, a play was being filmed by one of the Lubin stock companies, and a scene occurred introducing a band of itinerant minstrels. The girls tossed tambourines, Arthur busied himself with a zither, and others wheezed out more or less mournful melodies on flageolets and bagpipes.

The usual crowd gathered with even more than usual quickness, women and children appeared at all the windows, and when the camera man stopped turning the handle of his machine at the conclusion of the scene a shower of silver coins and pennies descended upon the astonished players.

(Daphne Wayne, Gene Gauntier, John Bunny, G. M. Anderson, and Master Roswell have already appeared in this series. Next week: Alice Joyce.)

SOME PROPHECIES FOR 1913.

Our cartoon astrologer forecasts a few things which are almost certain to happen this year.

An old lady, who was very charitably inclined, gave a tramp a halfpenny with the remark: ☞

Stage Bacon is Lino

Weird Culinary Trifles that Pantomime Folk Consume.

MANY sumptuous banquets will be consumed by the actors in this year's pantomimes, but those apparently well-fed mimes will leave the stage almost as hungry as when they came on. For nothing is so deceptive as the stage meal, although the art of the property man makes such repasts appear deliciously appetising.

A favourite stage substitute for meat is sponge cake, which cut into the shape of cutlets or steaks and judiciously browned with sauce, presents a most genuine appearance. The advantage of such material is that it is easy for the actors to consume and does not present any difficulties to the carver.

Cutlets composed of soft toast are also popular in stage culinary circles, and when decorated with dainty paper frills and parsley look quite the real thing.

Do not let your mouth water at the sight of those dainty slices of ham reposing on lettuce leaves on the pantomime baron's festive board. Ham is invariably represented on the stage by strips of linoleum, the reddish underside of which makes a convincing substitute for the real article. As to the surrounding lettuce, that is generally represented by white leaves from the humble cabbage.

The larger and more impressive the stage edible, the greater the fake. Huge pies which, when cut, produce a cloud of realistic steam, are absolutely uneatable. The crust is merely coloured papier maché which incloses a dish of hot water, and sometimes a few boiled potatoes, which supply the necessary steam. The big sirloin of beef, which apparently weighs pounds, has about six ounces of eatable meat about it. The joint is a wooden affair over which a few thin slices of genuine beef are placed, giving the impression of a really fine piece of meat.

Were you to obtain a peep behind the scenes just before a banquet scene was to be staged, you would find a number of stage hands busily slicing up tomatoes and bananas. You would see these slices being laid out on plates surrounded with parsley or white cabbage leaves. Under the glare of the limelight this dish assumes an astonishing resemblance to lobster salad, and in similar fashion sliced banana is a general substitute for fish, entrées, and *hors d'œuvre*.

One of the most astonishing illusions with regard to stage food, however, is where soup is concerned. This is invariably sawdust, which when ladled out of a tureen has all the appearance of a thick brown liquid.

No pantomime banquet would be complete without a turkey, and this addition to the feast is always included—at least a composition which bears a striking resemblance to this bird is placed on the menu. A loaf of bread delicately browned, and decorated with pegs covered with browned dough, saves the management the expense of running up a poultry bill. Moreover, the comedians can with comparative safety sling this asset to the feast about the stage without damage to life or property.

A year or so back a pantomime comedian caused much amusement by spearing gold fish in a tank and eating them raw in full view of the audience. But this "gag" was merely another example of stage food faking. The "gold fish" were merely composed of slices of carrot, which, floating in water, assume an extraordinary likeness to this species of fish. The comedian got his laugh by merely swallowing pieces of carrot.

Ginger ale bottled like champagne with heavy gold seals and labels is especially manufactured for stage use, although in many cases citrate of magnesia is substituted for champagne, as it gives a realistic pop and fizzle when uncorked.

We Teach Budding Farmers

Where Young Britishers Can be Fitted for Work in the Colonies.

"DON'T worry—chuckle!"

That is the printed advice which stares you in the face almost directly you enter the office of one of the most remarkable and interesting "schools" in Great Britain—a "school" for making Colonial farm hands.

The Hon. Rupert Guinness Emigration Training Farm is the name of this "school," and it is situated in the midst of beautiful Surrey country, just outside Woking.

The experiment of starting a place where would-be Colonials, prospective emigrants to Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South America, and elsewhere, could go and learn something of the work before them, was begun some little time back, and Mr. P. Doubleyou recently paid a visit to the farm to see how things were progressing. He didn't see any worrying going on, but he did hear some chuckling.

Altogether the farm covers seven hundred acres, and on these acres are taught ploughing, driving, sowing, reaping, stock-raising, team driving, milking, butter-making, the use of all Colonial farming implements, wood-cutting—everything, in fact, that you must be able to do if you want to go "on the land" in the Colonies.

"We take pupils for from six weeks to six months," said the manager, "and our aim is to fit them, as far as possible, to go to a farmer and say, 'I want a job; I can do this, that, and several other things,' instead of 'I want a job, but I don't know anything about the work, or a spade from a hoe.'

"I have eight years' practical experience of farming in Canada, and we try to run things here as much in the Canadian way as we can, even to the matter of food. We do everything to save men from feeling 'strange' or 'green' when they get to a new country.

"As you know, there is often a great prejudice against the Britisher in the Colonies. He is frequently looked upon as being 'soft,' 'a bit of a fool,' a person who does not make at all a satisfactory 'hired man.' Well, we are trying to help kill that prejudice by showing intending emigrants what they will be expected to do. Then, if they don't like the prospect, they can back out of going before it is too late.

"I think we are succeeding, too. Anyhow, the best testimonial we have had so far came from a dour old Canadian farmer—and Canadian farmers are among the hardest men in the world to please, remember.

"'D'you think you could get me some more hands from the place you come from?' he asked one of our old pupils.

"We lead a very strenuous life here, as you will see from the following time-table:

5 a.m., rise; 5.15—6.30, milking; 6.30, breakfast; 7—noon, work on the farm; noon, dinner; 1—6, work on the farm; 6.15, tea; 9.30, lights out.

"Except the cooking, the pupils do all their own work, including making their beds, and these are some of the rules which must be conformed to:

To render cheerful and willing obedience to orders.

Not to swear, use improper language, or smoke during work.

Not to play cards or use firearms.

Not to enter the house during working hours.

To bring the oldest clothing possessed.

To come to "school" perfectly fit physically.

"The fees are 25s. a week for the first fortnight, a pound a week for the second fortnight, and 15s. a week afterwards. Everything necessary for living is included in this—except having things starched at the laundry.

"We get no end of fun out of life here, and one of the standing jokes of the farm is about a pupil who was once found, looking very embarrassed, indoors when he should have been out ploughing.

"'Yes, I know it isn't dinner time yet,' he explained, 'but the horses thought it was, and *they would come in*.'"

Making Films of Aching Insides

SIEGMUND LUBIN, Founder of the World-famous Film Company Bearing His Name, and Known in America as the "Moving Picture King," Forecasts the Future of the Cinematograph.

As far back as 1896—a remote date in the history of cinematography—I took my first moving picture. It simply showed a horse eating hay. To-day, in addition to a huge glass-covered studio at Philadelphia employing nearly a thousand people, I have a large farm fully equipped with domestic animals and birds, fifty broncos from the Texas plains, boats, canoes, and an aeroplane. Having closely studied moving pictures from their inception, I may perhaps be in a position to prophesy their future.

In the first place, picture palaces will continue to increase in size, so that in 1950 instead of having a picture palace seating a few hundreds, or, in exceptional cases, one or two thousand, as they do at present, huge picture theatres will be built capable of accommodating five to ten thousand people.

They will follow the method of present-day legitimate theatres and specialise. I think that in the near future there will be special picture palaces for those who like certain kinds of films. Those who want to see drama will go to a theatre which shows nothing but drama, those who like comic films will go and see those only, just as much as they see musical comedy and historical plays on the stage now.

Some people think that films will be an enormous length in the future, but I am pretty sure that five to six thousand feet will be the limit in length. Such story films will take two and a half hours to show, and people in 1950 will go to the picture theatre just as they go to the ordinary theatre now, going at eight o'clock and coming out about eleven.

One thing we shall see in the future is the moving picture helping the doctor and the scientist. For some time now I have shown pictures in Philadelphia to doctors only. Pictures of patients have been taken which have allowed the doctors to study closely various diseases.

The time is fast approaching when doctors will use the cinematograph regularly in hospitals. When a man is brought into the hospital suffering from some internal trouble, the doctor of the future will take a series of X-ray moving pictures and be able to watch on a large scale the patient's digestion, and thus learn the situation of the trouble. If an operation is necessary he will see exactly where to operate.

I am developing this scientific side of the moving pictures, and the results already obtained, showing photographs of microbes, plant and insect life, are convincing enough that the scientist of the future will look upon the cinematograph as one of his greatest aids.

Again, I feel certain that children of the future will be taught their history and geography, not from dull books, but from living, interesting pictures. Already in a number of American schools children are being taught in this way.

Instead of the family photo album the future will see the family cinema album. In years to come, instead of having paintings of our ancestors, we shall have moving pictures of them.

I have had moving pictures taken of myself for my grandson's amusement, just as I have had pictures taken of him toddling about for my own. A man in 1950 will be able to see himself on the screen as a kicking, laughing baby. I am already working on a machine by which every family can have moving pictures of themselves.

Probably in 1950 the cinematograph will be everywhere. A judge, when deciding a patent case in court, for example, will see working the actual machines referred to by counsel; an engineer will be taught his business by seeing engines on a large scale working on the screen.

Big as the cinematograph business is now, I am sure that people will look back twenty years hence and wonder how they did without the moving picture, just as much as they wonder about railways and telegraphy now.

—*"Now don't spend it on riotous living, my good man." I want a good, but polite retort for the tramp.*

Dead Man's Grip

By the Authors of "Driven from Home," "The Sale of a Soul," etc., etc.

PICK UP THE THREADS HERE.

ROBERT KIRKE is a strange, secretive man, who is dying of consumption and loose living. The day after his doctor's verdict that he has only three months to live, he secretly marries.

JOAN LESTER, a pretty shop-girl employed by the big Oxford Street draper, Benjamin Blenkington. A few hours after the ceremony, Joan learns that her husband has a mistress and child. Almost heart-broken, she leaves him for ever. Robert Kirke, realising that he has lost his wife, vows that no one else shall ever possess her. He is to die in a few months. If Joan knows he is dead she will be free to marry again. Therefore, she shall never know of his death. To provide a cause for his disappearance, he calls on

HESKETH BRAND, a bad lot, who is pressed for money, suggests that if he cares to rob old Joseph Lester, Joan's father, of the money he has hoarded in the house, he (Kirke) will give Brand a signed confession of the theft to leave behind. Brand agrees. A few days later Kirke commits suicide by drowning himself. His body is never recovered, and only his mother,

DEBORAH KIRKE, to whom he entrusts a number of letters and documents, mostly addressed to Joan, with instructions to post them at regular intervals, knows of his revenge. Three months after Robert's disappearance Mrs. Kirke receives a solicitor's letter to the effect that Robert is the heir to a large fortune. In the event of his death the money is to go to his wife. By fair means or foul, Deborah decides to obtain the fortune. As if to assist her to carry out her scheme,

JOHN KIRKE, Robert's twin brother, returns home from Australia on the day she receives the letter. John is a ne'er-do-well, but though his mother despises him, she decides that he must, in future, be "Robert." On this day, too, old Joseph Lester is brutally murdered.

RACHEL STRODE, Robert's mistress, does not know of her lover's death, and believes that he has killed Joan's father as an act of revenge. Calling on Mrs. Kirke, with the intention of denouncing him to the police, she sees John, and learns not only that John is posing as Robert, but that he will acquire Robert's fortune. In a flash she sees her great chance. She corners Mrs. Kirke, and the price of her silence is that she be allowed to capture John's love. Deborah is forced to agree, and the great struggle for John begins between the two women.

OLIVE STRODE, Rachel and Robert's child, carried a note on the afternoon of Mr. Lester's murder from Lester to Hesketh Brand. Naturally Brand does not wish it known that he returned to Lester's house with the child. He finds an opportunity of talking to Olive alone and discovers that she had seen him coming out of the room in which the murder took place. In order to insure her silence he terrifies her into a promise not to reveal this fact to anyone, and buys her a Bible in which he writes on the fly-leaf the words: "Thou, God, seest me." Later on, Brand gets Joan into his vile clutches by lying to her that he holds a letter from Robert Kirke to Mr. Lester, which threatens to take the old man's life. He promises to hand it over to the police, thus saving Philip's life, if Joan will live with him. Joan asks for time.

PHILIP DERWENT, a buyer at Blenkington's, is deeply in love with Joan. Joan returns his love, but still believes herself to be Robert's wife. On the day of her father's murder Philip called on Mr. Lester, and when questioned by the police as to his whereabouts at the time of the tragedy, his answers are unsatisfactory. Consequently he is charged with the murder.

THOMAS CHRISTIAN JEPHSON is Benjamin Blenkington's secretary. His chief characteristic is a love of crime investigation, and he is endeavouring to discover who murdered Mr. Lester. So far he has found out that on the afternoon of the tragedy Philip Derwent, disguised, took a blackmailing letter from Joseph Lester to Benjamin Blenkington. Derwent, of course, can prove an alibi if his employer will only admit this meeting. Mr. Blenkington, when questioned by Derwent, denies it. On one occasion, too, Jephson notices that the second button from the top of Brand's overcoat is missing. A button of a similar kind was found by the housekeeper in the room where old Joseph Lester was murdered and given to Jephson.

Philip Derwent is sent for trial. At the close of the proceedings Jephson returns to his employer and gives him a concise summary of the case. While talking he notices that Mr. Blenkington seems very perturbed at some of the evidence, and that he absently toys with a small box on his desk with the initials "C. W." carved on the lid. Later on, when Jephson calls on Joan, he assists her to go through some papers which belonged to Mr. Lester.

The papers are in a little rosewood desk. Amongst a few odd things Jephson finds a scrap of rough cloth. Stitched upon it is a badge containing the number "G. 221, L," and pinned to the reverse side of it a piece of blue official-looking paper containing the name "Caleb Wrench." Jephson's eyes grow sleepy. Then he fingers the cloth, and, as he suspects, he finds that a broad arrow is woven into it.

* * * *

When Hesketh Brand learns that "Robert" has returned to London he commences a campaign of blackmail. Their first meeting takes place in a café and, by showing John the confession signed "Robert Kirke," he obtains £30.

His next move is to capture Joan. When the great trial takes place the defence endeavour to prove an alibi, and it looks as if Philip will be acquitted.

The strain is too much for Joan and she faints. Brand, seated at the back of the court, notices this, and a vile plot enters his head. He gets Joan, almost unconscious, away from the precincts of the court and takes her to her own home.

The hour of Philip Derwent's triumph—he decides—the hour in which his honour will be vindicated, will be the hour of Joan's downfall. But he is foiled by the return from the Old Bailey of Jephson and Philip. They hear a shrill scream, and while they enter the house from the back, Brand unbolts the front door and hurriedly departs.

Jephson and Philip find the sitting-room door locked on the outside. The key is in the lock. Inside the room they discover Joan, in a dead faint and Blenkington!

Jephson returns with his employer to the office. Here Mr. Blenkington dictates a letter to Joan explaining his presence in the room.

Jephson thinks that his employer really went there to search for the convict's badge.

CHAPTER LI

"I Made up my Mind to Win You."

JOHN KIRKE met Rachel Strode outside the Old Bailey. Olive was still with her, and at a hint from him the child was sent to Burney Street to see Joan.

John wanted to be quite alone with Rachel that he might tell her the plans he had made, and obtain a definite promise to marry him. They merely discussed the trial and its result as they drove towards the Fulham Road.

Not until he found himself in her sitting-room comfortably ensconced before a cheerful fire, discussing tea and cigarettes, did John broach the all-important subject.

He was not good at love-making. The more in earnest a man is the less glibly pretty phrases come to his tongue. He halted, hesitated, beat about the bush for some time: and Rachel listened, quizzing him, and smiling at him under her dark lashes.

His embarrassment amused her. She liked to play with his passions. But John Kirke was not distasteful to her, as a matter of fact she found him more interesting and liked him better than she had done his brother. He had not the same unhealthy fascination; she instinctively felt that given the chance he would be straight. He was manly, too, and healthy.

"I don't believe you are listening to a word I'm saying?" he blurted out suddenly, throwing his cigarette away, and pulling his chair closer to hers.

She raised her face and looked at him tantalisingly; her eyes wide open, now, as if in surprise; her red lips parted.

"You haven't said anything."

"I love you!"

Rachel laughed. But it was the kind of laugh which encourages a man rather than snubs him.

"You have said that before. But I don't believe you mean it. It's easy to say *I love you.*"

"Oh, I daresay lots of men have said it to you before," he stammered angrily.

"They have," she acknowledged.

John scowled. "My brother among them, perhaps!"

Rachel gazed into the fire without replying. There was a long silence. It was she who eventually broke it.

"No one has ever said it quite so fiercely, so roughly as you say it. I rather like to hear you."

He seized her hands and pulled her towards him.

"Don't play with me. I am in earnest. I will prove I love you. I heard to-day from those infernal solicitors. They are going to pay over the money in sixteen days, that will be on the 25th. I shall be a rich man—a very rich man, and I want you to be my wife. I will give you a good time. We shall have to live abroad, but you'll like that, won't you?"

Rachel nodded her head thoughtfully. "Europe, yes? Places like Paris, Monte Carlo, Vienna. They are places I have dreamed of but never seen. Do you really mean it, John?"

He nodded his head eagerly. "Rather. But we shall have to really live abroad first of all, because I am taking a risk in remaining in London. Brand—well, Brand suspects me."

"Oh, he's all right; you leave him to me," Rachel said calmly.

"Well, there are other people. I don't feel safe. It will be all right in a year or two; people will have forgotten. But I shall have to get away now quickly. Then there is my mother to consider; she means to finger the cash if she gets a chance. Of course I shall make her an allowance. But she has got some scheme of leaving London and settling down in a beastly English village; that wouldn't suit my book at all. I want you, and I want to see life! I have had a rotten time of it so far; now there's a chance of having a good time I am not going to miss it. I want you to share it with me."

Rachel crept closer. Her warm cheek brushed John's face.

"The good time?" she whispered.

"Yes—and the money! Say you will marry me on the 25th."

"You are sure that you really love me?"

Rachel looked straight into his eyes. Though she was very lonely and very unhappy, surrounded by temptations that always beset a woman of her type and a woman in her position, yet she wanted money more than love. She was deeply in debt, and more through Robert Kirke's fault than her own. Every woman's hand was raised against her, and men treated her lightly.

More sinned against than sinning, the temptation to secure wealth and position, perhaps happiness, was too great to be resisted for the moment. It was necessary that she should play her cards carefully.

So when she looked at John Kirke with warm, tender eyes, she spoke of love, and not of money.

"I love you as I never dreamed I should love a woman," he whispered. "You will marry me—on the 25th?"

"It is very soon. It doesn't give me much time."

But her eyes gave him the answer he wanted. Rising to his feet he lifted her up and, pressing her in his arms, kissed her lips.

"It must be our secret," he warned her. "You mustn't breathe it to a single soul—not even to Olive. By the way, you will have to get rid of her, won't you? There are lots of people who would be glad to look after a pretty little girl like that. She's a dear child, but somehow she gets on my nerves. I don't know what it is——"

Rachel interrupted him, and told him she would manage that all right. She knew why Olive got on John Kirke's nerves; it was for the same reason that the child got on Rachel's nerves, in spite of the motherly love she felt for her.

For she was Robert Kirke's child.

"I have already seen about the marriage license," John confessed rather sheepishly. "I made up my mind to win you, I wasn't going to take any refusal. It will have to be a registrar's office—you won't mind that?"

Rachel shook her head.

"I shall come straight down to you from the solicitors' offices. I don't know how they will pay me—cheque, I suppose. I will arrange beforehand to open an account with a decent bank, and I'll bung the cheque straight in. I'll give my mother the slip somehow, meet you at the registrar's office, and then we will catch the night boat for the Continent. Straight to Paris first of all—what! I will write an explanation to the old lady from there, and send her a cheque. She's all right really, but, hang it all, I can't be tied to her apron strings all my life!"

"You would rather be tied to mine, John," Rachel whispered coyly.

"You bet!" he replied.

Before he left, Rachel hesitatingly confessed with many blushes that she had not any money with which to purchase a trousseau, and that her landlady was clamouring to be paid.

"I hate asking you"—and she spoke truthfully—

—For the five best retorts I will give Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Halfpenny." *(See page 746.)*

"but I can't leave here until I have paid my bill. And when I am your wife I don't want to disgrace you—you would like me to look nice, wouldn't you?"

"You always look splendid!" John said enthusiastically. "How much money do you think you will want?"

Rachel sighed. "I am awfully hard up for clothes, and I must have pretty things. . . . I suppose the lawyers would advance you some more—fifty pounds, say—or perhaps the bank would lend it to you if you explained. By the way, in what name will you open an account?"

John Kirke had not thought of that. A puzzled frown knit his brow. Once he had got the money and was safely married, he wanted to forget all about the business and to relinquish the part he was forced to play. It would be very awkward signing cheques in his brother's name.

A dead man's money. He would still be in the grip of a dead man!

He shuddered involuntarily. Before he left, Rachel made a suggestion which he promised to think over, it certainly seemed an easy way out of the difficulty. As Rachel said, it would be a proof that he loved and trusted her.

The suggestion was that the account should be opened in her name, Rachel Strode. She would immediately draw out a large sum, sufficient for their needs for some months, which she would give to John. In Paris he could open an account with a French bank in any name he liked.

"Of course I trust you," he said thoughtfully, "and if we can't think of anything better we will do that. Supposing anything happened to me, though, it would be rather rough on my mother, wouldn't it?"

Rachel kissed him. "I will see that nothing happens to you, darling."

It was raining when John Kirke left the house. He was feeling so pleased with himself and so delighted with his success that he had no intention of letting his ardour be damped by the inclement weather. Therefore he called a cab and drove home.

Perhaps it was fortunate that he did so. If he had walked up the street to the Fulham Road he might have run into the arms of the one person in the world he did not want to see at that moment—Hesketh Brand.

That person a few minutes after John's departure was ringing the front door bell of Rachel's lodgings.

CHAPTER LII

Brand at Bay.

WITH Blenkington's letter, explaining his presence in Joan's sitting-room, in his pocket, Jephson alighted from his cab, a few yards from Hesketh Brand's lodgings. As soon as he had paid for and dismissed it he took the letter out of his pocket which Mr. Blenkington had given him for Joan, and looked at it as if suddenly uncertain what course to pursue.

Though convinced himself, nevertheless he had not obtained proof that Brand was the man who had taken Joan back from the trial to 19 Burney Street. He had half a mind to deliver Blenkington's letter at once and so learn the whole truth.

But for once sentiment stopped him. He did not want to disturb the lovers, reunited at last. If Philip had kept his promise they would both be blissfully happy.

He made up his mind to let them keep their little hour. For Thomas Christian Jephson knew that life really consists of moments, and that for those moments men give their lives.

Finding the front door of Hesketh Brand's house open, Jephson walked in boldly. A servant girl on the stairs told him that Mr. Brand's rooms were on the top floor. He slipped a shilling into the hand of the little maid-of-all-work, asking her if she knew whether Mr. Brand was at home or not.

"Yes, sir, he came in just about an hour ago. I believe he has been to the great murder trial."

Jephson nodded, and glanced at his watch; exactly an hour and three-quarters ago the jury had retired to consider their verdict.

He made a rapid calculation as he continued to ascend the stairs. He reached the top floor and found a door on the right, and another facing him. He listened a moment, but could hear no sound.

He opened the door facing him without knocking, and entered. The room was empty, but Jephson knew that Hesketh Brand was not far off. A tumbler freshly used and a bottle of whisky stood on the table. The air was cloudy with freshly burned tobacco.

At the far end of the room there was a door communicating with the room beyond. He stepped towards it, but a copy of a weekly newspaper open on the table caught his eye. A couple of advertisements in its columns had been marked with a blue pencil.

Jephson's habit of noticing trifles, however insignificant, would have been quite painful to him had he been aware of it. The newspaper was not the type he would have expected to find in Hesketh Brand's possession, and the two marked advertisements were certainly not at all in Hesketh Brand's line. One was offering a Christian home to a motherless child, at a moderate fee; the other was an offer, from another Christian lady, to adopt the child of parents who were going abroad.

"Halloa, who's that?"

Brand's voice echoed unmistakably from the inner room.

Pulling aside the portière which hid the door, Jephson knocked and entered.

"I should like to have a couple of minutes' conversation with you," he said curtly.

Mr. Hesketh Brand was lying on his bed, a pipe between his lips; he had taken off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves. His hair was ruffled, his face highly coloured. His boots had been carelessly thrown on the floor at the foot of the bed. Jephson noticed that the soles were still wet.

"By gad, you have a nerve, Mr. Thomas Christian Jephson; you have. Who the devil asked you up here, I should like to know?"

"I asked myself," Jephson replied quietly. "I am afraid I have disturbed you——?"

"You have," Brand interrupted, sitting up, sliding off the bed and slipping his feet into an old pair of down-at-heel carpet slippers.

He came close over to Jephson and looked him impudently up and down. "Some one has just given you a black eye, cocky. If you don't want a couple of them you had better clear out, quick! Exit through gap in hedge! . . . *Savez-vous?*"

Jephson shook his head. "Not until you have told me what you were doing less than an hour ago in Miss Joan Lester's house?"

"Didn't know that I was doing anything!" Brand leered. "I didn't know I was there. You are very fond of guessing, Mr. Jephson, but it's a dangerous game. There is a door. If you don't want to be put out, get out!"

He puffed a cloud of smoke in Jephson's face The latter did not move an eyelid. He just stood facing the big bully, standing loosely, rather awkwardly. His attitude suggested that with one finger Brand could have pushed him over.

"About an hour ago I drove back from the Old Bailey with Mr. Derwent to 19 Burney Street. Upon inquiries we made at the court, we understood that Miss Lester had fainted and you promised to see her safely home. We found the house locked; We heard a cry for help. On entering through the back premises we heard a scuffling in the hall.

"The sitting-room door was locked—and, curiously enough, on the outside! We entered and found that the lights had been extinguished. There was a person in the room whose presence you didn't happen to notice when you arrived, but who was partly responsible for your hasty exit in the darkness. I received a complete account from him of everything that happened. Now, what have you got to say about it, Mr. Brand? Answer quickly and briefly. If your answer is not brief, or if you attempt to prevaricate you may find yourself under arrest in a couple of hours on a most serious charge. Now, what have you got to say?"

The colour had left Brand's face; he had gone deathly pale. Jephson had to a certain extent been bluffing. He was sure of what he said, but until he had seen Joan he had no proof. For Blenkington had been unable to, or was unwilling to, identify Brand.

Jephson knew now by the expression on the latter's face that he was guilty. Doubtless he had failed in his dastardly attempt, but the attempt had been made, and it was quite possible that Brand could be arrested if Joan chose to speak.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, Hesketh Brand stepped back, and the next moment his sledge-hammer fist shot out straight for Jephson's jaw. The blow delivered with all his force and all his immense weight would have sent Jephson head over heels, and probably smashed his jaw, perhaps broken his neck. Even if he had been a clever boxer he would have stood no chance in the narrow space of that room against a man like Brand.

But Thomas Christian Jephson, standing awkwardly on one leg, was wide awake. As Brand stepped back he swung round as if on a pivot, and, as he dodged the blow, which missed him by an eighth of an inch, he stood on tiptoe and raised his right arm. Brand's fist passed harmlessly beneath it; quick as lightning Jephson closed his arm again, and with his left hand seized Brand's fist in a grip of iron. Then, using his right arm as a lever, he slowly and steadily pressed the imprisoned member down.

For a moment Brand struggled, then emitted a shriek of agony.

"Let go! . . . You are breaking my arm! For Heaven's sake, let go!"

Still pressing down, Jephson slowly swung Brand round and sent him hurtling through the open door into the sitting-room. Then he quietly followed.

Brand was crouched up in the armchair nursing his arm.

"Next time you won't get off so easily," Jephson said. "Now answer my question."

Brand foamed at the mouth. "You get out of this, you, with your monkey tricks! Think you are clever, but I'll wipe the floor with you yet. I have one or two old scores to pay off. Want to win the girl yourself, perhaps. Well, my answer is—apply to her for information. She can tell you all you want to know—and a bit more! Ask her to tell Mr. Philip Derwent! He'll hang yet, mark my words—ask her to tell him the names of her lovers—Robert Kirke among them. If I hear another word of this, I'll have the lot of you up for blackmail. And six weeks' hard labour for assault and trespass wouldn't do you any harm! You look as if you had been accustomed to a diet of skilly all your life, you emaciated monkey! Now get out, or, by Heaven, I'll send for the police and keep you here until they come. Assault and trespass, you can't deny it!"

"So you deny——?"

Brand interrupted him with an oath. "Yes, I deny everything. Are you going?"

"Yes, now I have got your answer. But we shall meet again, Mr. Brand—perhaps in this room, or perhaps where we met a few hours ago this afternoon—at the Old Bailey. One never can tell."

Putting on his hat, he turned his back on Hesketh Brand and slowly left the room. Brand watched him go in silence. He did not feel capable of replying to the subtle hint conveyed in Jephson's last few words.

Mr. Benjamin Blenkington's confidential secretary walked down Burney Street very slowly, his shoulders hunched, his head poked forward.

He was beginning to feel tired. For the last month or two he had been doing the work of a couple of men; fourteen hours a day and sometimes more. Both body and brain had undergone a pretty severe strain. Work to Jephson was life, he enjoyed work as other people enjoyed play. But whether one works, or whether one plays, Nature demands a certain amount of rest and sleep.

At that moment Jephson suddenly felt that he would very much like to go to bed and sleep for twenty-four hours on end. He knew that if he could do so he would have a much better chance of solving the mystery of Joseph Lester's murder.

It was a mystery which reminded him of that horrible creature which lives in caves at the bottom of the sea—the octopus. The creature with a score of arms branching out in all directions, and no sooner is one dreadful arm cut off than another grows.

When Jephson reached 19 Burney Street he knocked conventionally on the front door and waited patiently until Mrs. Cox came. To look at him no one would have suspected him capable of climbing through scullery windows, of breaking through bolts and bars, of being a brilliant exponent of the art of jiu-jitsu.

Mrs. Cox beamed on him.

"I needn't ask how the lovers are," he smiled. "Everything is all right?"

Mrs. Cox put her finger to her lips, then jerked her thumb violently in the direction of the sitting-room.

"They're as 'appy as a pair of turtle doves, or if they're not they ought to be," she whispered. "But, lor, you look fairly worn out, Mr. Jephson. Do come into the kitchen and let me give you a cup of tea, and then you can tell me what's 'appened, and what it all means."

Jephson nodded. After all Mrs. Cox was only human, and her curiosity would have to be satisfied—up to a point. As Mrs. Cox stepped back, Jephson saw Olive clinging to her petticoats.

"She followed me here, poor dear," Mrs. Cox explained. "Bless her heart, she couldn't go without seeing Miss Joan and giving her a kiss, she said. She was as pale as a little ghost and trembling like an aspen. I don't think it's right that children should be taken to them dreadful courts and made to go into the witness box, and everything! My heart ached for her, she was fair scared to death."

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TEN MILLIONS PAID IN CLAIMS.

Jones called on his friend McDaub, the artist, who was busily painting. ☛

Jephson laid his hand on Olive's head; but she seemed to shrink away from him.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," he said gently, "if one just speaks the truth; for the truth hurts neither oneself nor anyone else."

Mrs. Cox led the way to the kitchen, made Jephson sit in the armchair, and poured him out a cup of strong tea.

Whilst Mrs. Cox was bustling to and fro attending to Jephson and asking him innumerable questions, which he tactfully turned aside, Olive Strode quietly stole away and crept out through the back into the street. Jephson was the first to discover that she had gone.

"She said she promised her mother not to be more than a few minutes," Mrs. Cox explained. "But I can't help feeling there is something wrong with that child. She ain't like other children. It's my opinion she's treated bad by someone; she is that nervous. And she's getting worse, too!"

Jephson stirred his tea thoughtfully.

"Would you say that she is a good child, Mrs. Cox?"

"I'd never ask a better. But that's what I was saying, she ain't like a child——"

"Quiet, obedient, truthful?"

"She's all that," Mrs. Cox replied vehemently. "I only wish she belonged to me, poor little soul. It's a pity someone don't find a good 'ome for her, where she would have children of her own age to play with, the little dear!"

Jephson nodded, half rose from his seat, and then sat down again. He wanted to have a quiet talk with Olive. She was an enigma to him, she was one of the arms in this octopus of crime. For a moment he thought of following her, but he could not go without seeing Joan and Philip and delivering Benjamin Blenkington's letter.

Yet at that moment, if he could have glanced up Burney Street, he would unhesitatingly have followed Olive Strode and saved her from an awful fate.

For Hesketh Brand, standing at the window of his sitting-room and staring out, saw Olive hurrying along to catch her omnibus at the end of the street. In an instant he had slipped on his hat and coat, hurried downstairs, and, running after Olive, laid his heavy hand on her arm.

"Hallo, little one!" he said in his most unctuous voice, "it's very late for you to be running about by yourself. Where are you going?"

She repressed a scream as she saw the face of her torturer. "I am going home to mother."

"And I will come with you," Brand said, keeping tight hold of her arm. "I'm going to see your mother, too. I have a little proposition to make to her, a proposition that concerns you, Olive."

She raised her big, terrified eyes to his face. "You are not angry with me, Mr. Brand? I—I did as you told me this afternoon. Won't you let me go—I did as you told me."

Brand nodded, and a dreadful smile parted his lips.

"Yes, you were a very good little girl, and you are going to be rewarded. I am going to ask your mother to give you a nice long holiday, to send you away to a beautiful house with a nice kind woman, where you'll meet a lot of other little children, and where you will have nothing to do all day but amuse yourself. What do you say to that, Olive?"

Olive said nothing. She was afraid to say yes or no. The quick childish instinct told her that Brand would never send her to any place where she could know happiness.

He boarded a westward bound omnibus with her, and she sat by his side, her little hand in his great coarse one, her large, sad eyes veiled behind their long lashes.

As soon as possible after arriving at Rachel Strode's house—only a few minutes after John Kirke had left—Brand got rid of Olive, and then, giving Rachel a cigarette and lighting one himself, he craftily unfolded his plan.

First of all he learnt that Rachel had definitely promised to marry "Robert" Kirke. The wedding day had been fixed. She did not tell him the date, but, in spite of her promise to John, she told him the outline of their plans. She knew it was safer to partly confide in Brand than to let him ferret things out for himself.

They were to meet at a registrar's office in about a fortnight's time; they were going abroad for a prolonged honeymoon, somewhere on the Continent. Brand guessed what this prolonged honeymoon meant—and the reason for it!

"What about Olive?" he asked. "You won't want to cart the kid around the Continent with you. She is a dear little girl, but she wants looking after."

Rachel blew a cloud of smoke between her red lips and nodded.

"I know. I'm worried about her," she confessed. "I couldn't bear to leave her with strangers, for I am fond of her. Though often her very presence reminds me of things I want to forget."

Brand nodded and rubbed his hands.

"There's a curious antagonism between you. I have noticed it. And I don't think it's wise to let her see too much of Joan Lester, especially now Robert Kirke has returned. Children notice things—and talk! Now I understand the child, perhaps because I was an old friend of her father's——"

Rachel gave him a quick glance, and he realised the slip he had made; he had not made it intentionally.

"Perhaps because I am one of Robert's best friends, we understand one another, Olive and I. Of course it is impossible that she should live with you when you are married," he continued meaningly. "There are some friends of mine who have a charming little cottage at Foots Cray in Kent. They are devoted to children, but haven't any of their own. I know they would give anything to adopt her, or at any rate to take care of her until you return from your visit abroad. The cost would be nominal, perhaps nothing at all. Just a little fee in advance. I would keep an eye on her."

Rachel asked the name and address of his amiable friends, and Brand wrote it down for her.

"She wouldn't be lonely," he continued. "They often have children staying with them. I shall be running down there to-morrow myself. I'll tell them that you are going to write. Or better still, let me take Olive to-morrow; she can see for herself and come back and tell you all about it. You would feel happier if you knew she was all right before you left."

"I should like to see the place myself," Rachel replied. "But you can take Olive to-morrow, and if she thinks she will be happy there—and we can come to terms—I'll take her down there myself during the week."

"Right-oh!" Brand replied, rising. "I'll be round to-morrow morning about half-past ten. You'd better leave me to arrange terms, though. By the way, I suppose you'll see Robert every day now; tell him I want to give him a little wedding present, and I would like him to come with me one day this week and purchase it. Might meet him here Friday morning; fix it up, will you?"

Rachel Strode nodded. Just for a moment her eyes met Hesketh Brand's. Each knew the other knew that the man who masqueraded as Robert Kirke was his brother John. They had neither of them said anything. It was safer to play the game of blind-man's buff.

And Rachel Strode knew that Hesketh Brand would want his pound of flesh. She, or her future husband, would have to pay. Woman-like she had made up her mind how much they should pay.

Brand went back to his rooms in a better frame of mind than when he had left them. Jephson had given him a pretty severe shock. He knew he had had a very narrow squeak.

Again, at the eleventh hour, just as she was within his grasp, he had lost Joan Lester. He had gone perilously near to losing his own freedom. He realised now that he had at least two deadly enemies. And the one he feared most was the one he pretended to despise—the emaciated, sweet-sucking Thomas Christian Jephson. But once Olive Strode was in his power, hidden away where no one could find her, he could snap his fingers in Mr. Jephson's face. There would be no need for him to exchange London for Paris or Ostend then.

No, he would remain in Burney Street, close to Joan Lester. He would wait and watch for an opportunity that would surely come, when he could snatch her from her lover's arms—and hide her away in the nice Christian home where he was eventually going to hide little Olive.

And Hesketh Brand laughed aloud as he walked through the misty night, and conjured up pictures of the splendid time he would give Joan in that nice Christian home—presided over by himself!

Jephson slowly swung Brand round and sent him hurtling through the open door into the sitting-room.

CHAPTER LIII.

The Yellow Kimono.

To return to Philip Derwent and Joan.

When the latter opened her eyes the first thing she saw was her lover's face, full of tenderness and anxiety. The first thing she felt was his strong arms holding her tightly.

Just for a moment she tried to recall what had happened, but her mind was blank. Everything seemed shrouded in a dreadful fog—since the moment she lost consciousness in the court at the Old Bailey. The only picture which was vividly imprinted on her mind was that of her lover being led away by the warders, while the jury retired to consider their verdict.

And now she found herself lying in his arms, in her own little room in the house in Burney Street. She gave up trying to remember. She no longer wished to pierce the fog. She knew terrible things had threatened her during the blank hours which she could not remember.

But at last she was safe. A delicious feeling of security suffused her. Body and soul were both at rest.

She sighed softly, then smiled at Philip, and put up her lips to be kissed. There was something child-like in the action.

"Thank God!" Derwent whispered fervently.

"Tell me it isn't a dream," Joan whispered. "You are really here, Philip. You are—free?"

"Yes," he replied in a firm, steady voice, in which there was little emotion. "I am here, dear. And I am free. The gates which imprisoned me opened and let me out. I want them to close again, and to forget everything that happened during the past dreadful months. It will be easy if you can stand by my side, if I still possess your love and your trust."

Joan just nodded her head, and her arms fondled Philip Derwent—as if she still wished to make certain that it was really he who held her, and not a dream, conjured by desire.

"We won't talk of anything, we won't even think of anything," he continued. "It's enough that we are together again, and that love is ours."

Joan closed her eyes, and her head fell back on Philip's shoulder. Though their lips were dumb their hearts spoke. And the silence, too, told them the secrets which it keeps always for lovers, poets, and

—"Those ostriches are splendid," said Jones. "You should never paint anything but birds."

little children. They did not even hear Mrs. Cox enter the room—not until she had for the second time dropped all the fire-irons in the grate.

"Dear, dear, I am all fingers and thumbs to-day," she said apologetically, with a merry twinkle in her eye which belied the tears she could not keep back.

"There, you will have a splendid fire in a minute—it's just like old times!"

She rose from the hearth where she had been lighting the fire, and she hovered nervously about the sofa like an old hen clucking over a couple of chickens she had lost—and found.

"The kettle is on the boil, and tea is ready. A nice cup o' tea will do you both good."

A cup of tea was Mrs. Cox's panacea for all ills—the beverage which she took and recommended to others when she mourned or when she rejoiced, when she was feeling very ill or when she was feeling particularly well.

"Bless you, Mrs. Cox," Philip said heartily, "we should just love a cup of tea!"

Mrs. Cox rubbed her hands on her apron. She longed to put her arms round Philip's neck and embrace him, to tell him that she knew all along that he was innocent, to congratulate him on his escape from what she called injustice. Perhaps he read her thoughts for he rose and held out his hand.

She grasped it in both of hers. "Thank 'Eaven you are here to take care of her again," she said huskily. "Be good to her, Mr. Philip—it's a lonesome time she's been 'aving without you, persecuted, too, by them who comes like wolves in sheep's clothing."

Derwent laughed.

"Everything is all right now, Mrs. Cox."

Remembering Jephson's warning she hurried away, drying her eyes on her apron on her way to the kitchen.

A few minutes later the lovers were discussing tea and hot toasted cakes, while Mrs. Cox stood with folded arms beaming on them. It was no good, she could not leave them alone. There had been too much loneliness in the house for such a long time.

"It's like the parable of the fatted calf and the prodigal son," she whispered, getting very mixed in her metaphors. "Lor', it does one good to see a strong man with a 'ealthy appetite. I suppose you haven't tasted a decent cup of tea since you have been in—"

She checked herself and her cheeks grew crimson. "In retirement," she added hastily. "Unless the water is freshly boiled no one can make a good cup of tea, not even if you go to the best cost!"

"Oh, they treated me very well in prison," Philip said, trying to laugh away Mrs. Cox's embarrassment. "But I'll confess this is the nicest meal I have had for weeks and weeks."

"Then I'll leave you to enjoy it," Mrs. Cox said with an effort.

And when she left the room she closed the door behind her. She saw, too, that the front door was locked. She made up her mind that if she could not share the lovers' happiness, no one else should disturb them—not even little Olive Strode, whom she found waiting in the kitchen for her.

"You just stop in the kitchen, and if you like you can help me," she said tenderly. "You can't see Miss Joan now, she's just—resting!"

But Joan Lester, now quite restored, was beginning to remember. Philip did his best to prevent her talking, but it was useless. Naturally he longed to know what had happened, but he was strong enough to curb his natural curiosity and his desire for a speedy revenge, if the woman he loved had been insulted or hurt.

"I must tell you," Joan whispered, clinging to him. "Even if it makes you hate me."

"Nothing will do that. Won't you wait a while, there's plenty of time. I don't want you to worry your little brain about anything."

But Joan shook her head. "I must tell you—because you ought to know. And I, too, want to know what has happened to—Mr. Brand."

Joan felt Philip's body stiffen, she saw his eyes grow cold. "So it was Mr. Brand. I might have guessed it. I did—but when we burst into the room it was Blenkington we found here, Benjamin Blenkington, your employer; what was he doing here, Joan? Brand brought you back from the Old Bailey when you fainted. Did Blenkington come too? Why was the door locked—and on the outside? The room was in darkness, too."

Questions came now, fast and furious.

Joan looked at him in amazement when she heard Blenkington's name mentioned.

"I never saw him: I didn't know he was here. I remember nothing after fainting at the Court until I found myself standing on the doorstep with Mr. Brand. I tried to escape, but he unlocked the door—he must have taken the key from my pocket—he brought me in here, and then when I recovered he"—she covered her face in her hands—"he made love to me!"

"The cur!" Philip said under his breath. "But he shall pay for this."

"No, Philip, you mustn't see him, you mustn't

(*Continued on third column.*)

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

PREVENTS LOST LETTERS.

PILLAR-BOXES that hang on walls or fences are now furnished with a useful device which guards against any letter being left in the box when the postman comes round to collect them. It consists of a specially-designed tray, fitted to the bottom of the pillar-box, which in reality forms the floor of the receptacle. The postman unlocks this and it drops downward thus allowing everything that the box contains to drop into the postman's bag. In this way it is almost impossible for letters to be overlooked, as is sometimes the case when the postman has to lift them out from the front with his hands.

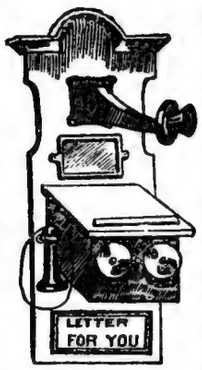
KEEP THE GATE SHUT.

IT is rather annoying to have your gate continually swinging to and fro in the wind, but this often happens if the latch does not catch easily.

After a gate has been in use some time it is apt to sag and in this way the latch bar falls lower than the catch, making it impossible to fasten the gate without lifting it.

To overcome this difficulty with latches on wooden gates, just close the gate properly then drive a nail so that it just touches the underside of the bar, as shown in the illustration. This will raise the bar to the correct position to make it catch easily.

TELLS OF POSTMAN'S VISIT.



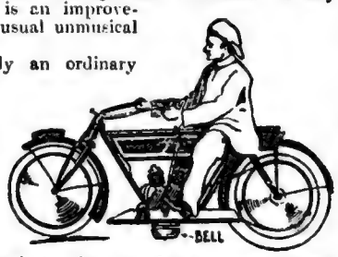
IN order that guests in large hotels may know exactly when any correspondence has arrived for them the ingenious device here shown has now come into general use. Beneath the telephone apparatus which the room contains, a little slot is placed. Immediately a letter arrives for the occupant of the room the hall-room porter places it in the usual letter-rack, and presses a button connected with that person's room. This causes a card to drop in the slot, which bears the words: "Letter for you," and this informs the visitor that correspondence is awaiting him down below.

CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE BELL.

MOTOR-cyclists will appreciate this illustration showing a cheap and effective bell which can be fixed by boring a hole through the footboard of any machine, and is an improvement on the usual unmusical motor-horn.

It is merely an ordinary clockwork bell such as is often used on house-doors and on carriages.

Simply press the bell with the foot and you get a ring loud enough to give you free passage through the most dense traffic and at the same time your hands are left free to manipulate your machine.



DEAD MAN'S GRIP (*continued from col. 1.*)

go near him," Joan cried. "I am afraid of him. He's dangerous, he will leave me alone now you are free And perhaps it was my fault—I asked his help. He said he could save you."

Philip Derwent stopped her.

"You needn't tell me any more, little woman," he said as gently as he could. "I understand. I promise you he won't trouble you any more. But you say you never saw Mr. Blenkington, yet we found him here, alone in this room, with you."

Joan put her hand up to her head, trying to remember.

"When I resisted and told Mr. Brand to go, he threatened me. . . . . Everything seems blurred now. I think I screamed; I was frightened, and then I seemed to hear footsteps outside, and someone knocking at the door. Everything became dark. But I remember vaguely, like a dream, seeing someone start forward out of the shadows. . . . . I suppose I was fainting. I thought there were two Hesketh Brands in the room. I remember nothing more until I awoke to find myself in your arms."

"That's all right," Philip said, smoothing her hair from her forehead, and kissing her. "There is nothing more to remember. Only everything to forget. You still love me, Joan? That's all that really matters, love. If you really love me we can bear everything, even injustice. We can face anything, and fight hand in hand, if we really love, Joan."

"How can you doubt it?" she asked. Her voice was unsteady.

He released her, and moving away stood before the fire gazing into the flames.

"I don't doubt it, but there is something I must ask you, since we have begun to talk. For, just this moment you told me that you applied to Mr. Brand to save me. In the witness-box he did his best to get me convicted; yet it was he who came to me and said that if you would let me speak about Robert Kirke, he, Mr. Kirke, could produce evidence which would absolutely prove my innocence. You came to see me, dear, but you said that I mustn't ask Kirke's help. I mustn't see him or write to him. Hesketh Brand said distinctly that if you asked this Robert Kirke to speak he could save me. I want to know why you wouldn't let him speak."

Joan was silent.

"I know you had a good reason, of course," Philip continued.

Still Joan was silent. Philip commenced to walk up and down the room. He was trying to hide his agitation. Here and there signs still remained that a struggle had taken place. On the table a vase was overturned, some books had been pulled from a shelf and lay on the floor. A little box lay open, its contents thrown about. A piece of yellow Japanese crêpe with a bow of yellow ribbon attached lay on the floor.

Instinctively Philip stooped and picked it up.

"Won't you tell me, Joan, why you refused to let Robert Kirke speak?"

"Don't ask me—I can't," she said at last in a strained terrified voice.

There was a long silence.

Presently Joan raised her head. Philip Derwent was standing still, staring at the piece of yellow Japanese crêpe, with its ribbon bow, which he still held in his hands.

He had not recognised it when he picked it up. But now he was beginning to remember. There was something peculiar about it!

"Where did this come from?" he said in a strange voice.

With a frightened cry Joan leapt towards him.

"That——!"

Then in a flash he remembered.

A Japanese kimono of yellow crêpe, fastened with yellow ribbons, had been ordered from his department at Benjamin Blenkington's shop by Mr. Robert Kirke some four months ago. It had been part of a large order—obviously portion of a trousseau!

The kimono had been a model, the only one of its kind in the shop. Another reason why it was impressed upon Philip Derwent's mind was that the packers had overlooked it, and he himself had taken it down in the morning and delivered it at Robert Kirke's studio.

Unmistakably this little strip of yellow crêpe he held in his hand was a portion of the original garment.

And here it was, lying in Joan Lester's room!

"How did this come into your possession?" he asked again, quietly but sternly. "Answer me, Joan! It belonged to Robert Kirke. I delivered it at his studio with my own hands. How did it come into your possession?"

Joan pressed her hands to her temples. Once again she was in the dead man's grip!

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

"SPEAK to me," she pleaded, and looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to me," she repeated, and stroked his soft, curly hair. And this he could not resist.

"Bow-wow!" he barked.

—"*They're camels, not ostriches," replied McDaub, disgustedly. What did Jones say?*

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Potboiler.**
2. **Baboo English.**
3. **Glebe.**
4. **Blowing your own Trumpet.**
5. **A Sop to Cerberus.**
6. **Below Par.**

They are every-day expressions, and I want *you* to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Tuesday, January 14th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 109.

(1) A ROUGH SHOOT.

R. Hodgins, Dilkusha, Brundall, Norfolk, has been awarded the prize of 10s. 6d. for the best definition of the above phrase.

A term applied to the shooting over an estate which is not stocked with artificially reared game, but where the shooting depends on the natural increase of the species concerned. The expression probably arose because such shooting is more difficult than preserved shooting, the game being scarcer and wilder.

(2) IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS.

The explanation selected as the best was contributed by Miss J. Howe, 5 Ferndale, Lambert Street, Hull, and was thus expressed:

Asleep and dreaming. Morpheus, son of Sleep and God of Dreams, took his name from the Greek "morphe"—"form"—because he was supposed to fashion or form the visionary shapes that appear realities to us while under his influence. Popularly (though erroneously) Morpheus is regarded as the God of Sleep.

(3) CHAMPERTY (LEGAL).

The winning explanation was received from J. C. Morgan, Tornaveen, Torphins, Aberdeenshire, who wrote as follows:

When any person, not interested in a litigation, agrees to assist the plaintiff or defendant on condition of receiving a share of the land, debt, or other thing sued for, that person is guilty of champerty (Latin "campi partitio"—"division of the land"). Such bargains are illegal.

(4) BAKER'S DOZEN.

The prize-winner, C. E. Laurence, Walesby, Market Rasen, thus explained the above expression:

Heavy penalties inflicted on bakers for giving short weight induced them at one time to give one extra loaf in twelve. The thirteenth was called the "vantage loaf." Hence a baker's dozen is used to denote good measure, just as we speak of a chatterbox talking "thirteen to the dozen."

(5) IRREDUCIBLE MINIMUM.

For the definition which follows the prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to H. M. Riley, 79 Mere Road, Leicester:

An irreducible minimum is a minimum that cannot be simplified. Each party to a dispute or arbitration may submit its minimum demands which, after discussion, may be somewhat modified. But an irreducible minimum is one upon which its supporters take their final stand, and from which they will not budge.

(6) KISMET.

E. E. Kers, 4 West Quay, Bridgwater, Somerset, was the winner in this contest, and supplied the following explanation:

A Moslem term signifying "fate" or "destiny." Though no part of the Koran doctrines, Mohammedans use it to express their idea of an inexorable law governing human life and action. It is derived from the Turkish word "qismet," and is now used colloquially to signify the workings of "fate."

WHAT IS THE PROSPECT FOR YOU?

YES; it's worth while asking yourself, "What prospect does 1913 hold out for ME?" Have you a definite hope of being better paid, higher up in your work, more secure in your position, before the year closes? Or have you only just a vague wish for success, and an ill-defined prospect of good fortune coming your way? Does it mean nothing to you, and to those who may be dependent upon you, whether you stand still or move on during 1913. No man with any heart, pluck, or real ambition in him can but be depressed if the end of a year's work finds him no farther on than where he was when the year began.

Thousands in the United Kingdom look upon this New Year with confidence. They are qualifying for success. They are students of the I.C.S. Every month hundreds of them reap the reward of their intelligence and perseverance in the welcome form of better pay.

Why do these men, and women too, succeed? Because they do not wait for success to come to them; they go out after success, they qualify for success. That's why they get it.

Employers grow more and more determined to employ only men and women who know how to "do" things, who are practically, thoroughly trained in their work, who know how to use their brains. For the trained man the prospect held out by 1913 is bright; for the untrained it is gloomy.

BETTER PAY

Better pay! Does that mean nothing to you? Don't you want it? If you do, is it not worth your while spending a stamp and a few minutes to learn how others, thousands of others, are busy qualifying themselves for it and getting it? Make this your first resolution for 1913; carry it out at once. A "put off" resolution generally means "never."

This enquiry may turn out to be for you, as it has been for thousands of others, the most PROFITABLE RESOLUTION YOU EVER MADE. Write to-day.

PRACTICAL ADVICE

The I.C.S. Booklet, which we will send you, contains valuable practical advice on the chances and prospects for trained men in your own line of work, together with a full syllabus and specimen pages and illustrations from I.C.S. Instruction Papers of the I.C.S. Course best suited to your requirements, and a full account of what I.C.S. Correspondence training really is, means and has accomplished. Together with this Booklet the testimony of prominent public men and employers and of I.C.S. students to the practical and PROFITABLE nature of I.C.S. training.

Better Pay Coupon

International Correspondence School, Ltd., 124a International Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.

(*To avoid delay please use full address*)

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can gain a thorough, practical and up-to-date knowledge of the subject before which I have marked X, and so qualify for Better Position and Better Pay.

——Business Training	——Shop Practice
——Book-keeping	——Foundry Work
——Salesmanship	——Quantity Surveying
——Advertising	——Electrical Engineering
——Show-Card Writing	——Electric Traction
——Window Dressing	——Electric Lighting
——Illustrating	——Architecture
——Designing	——Contracting and Building
——Boiler Engineering	——Structural Engineering
——Marine Engineering	——Concrete Engineer
——Gas-Power Engineering	——Civil Engineering
——Motor Engineering	——Mining
——Cotton Manufacturing	——Heating and Ventilating
——Woollen Manufacturing	——Sheet Metal Work
——Steam Engineering	——French, German, Spanish, Italian
——Steam Electric	——Agriculture, Poultry Farming
——Mechanical Engineering	
——Draughtsmanship	

Over 180 Courses to choose from.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

—For the five best sayings I will give Briar Pipes. Mark postcards "Ostrich." *(See page 746.)*

'Panto' Boys and Girls

Very Draughty.

THIS year's pantomime at Drury Lane, "The Sleeping Beauty," is a great success. Much of this success it owes, of course, to that delightful comedian, Mr. George Graves, who again tops the bill.

Mr. Graves is well known as a teller of good stories, and one of his latest is about a certain gentleman—call him Mr. Jones—who had been spending Christmas unwisely and too well. One evening he arrived home so late and so confused that he crawled on to the nice soft earth of a flower-bed in the middle of the front lawn and placidly went off to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning he looked up and saw his wife staring wrathfully down on him from the upper bed-room window.

Still rather confused, and feeling decidedly chilly, Mr. Jones called up to her:

"Woman, shut that window at once! Do you want me to catch my death of cold?"

An Unreasonable Demand.

ANOTHER favourite at the Lane is Mr. Barry Lupino, whose antics are more wonderful than ever. After watching him for a little, one can almost believe the rumour that he usually enters a taxi by jumping through the window.

He told a story the other day connected with the visit of a circus to a country town. All the children for miles round were wildly excited, and the young son of a notoriously close-fisted farmer rushed up to his father and clamoured to be allowed to go.

"Oh, dad!" he exclaimed; "gimme threepence to go an' see the circus!"

"What!" gasped the farmer. "Threepence to see the circus! Why, only last month I let you go up to Farmer Higgs' field to see the eclipse of the moon! My boy, do you want your life to be one perpetual round of pleasure?"

Which Side?

MR. WILL EVANS, the other principal comedian at Drury Lane, tells a story of a man who wandered into a barber's shop.

"Good morning, sir!" said the barber. "Shave sir?"

"Good morning," said the customer. "I want to know if you'll shave one side of my face for a penny."

The barber grinned.

"Certainly, sir. Sit down." The customer sat down. "Now, sir," the barber continued, "which side shall I shave?"

"The *out*side!" was the gentle reply.

The Bait.

IN the pantomime at the New Theatre, Cardiff, Miss Dorothy Craske, who is the "principal boy" tells a story of an Italian organ-grinder who possessed a monkey which he "worked" through the summer months, but when the cool days of autumn came he brought out a "hot-chestnut" barrow and left the monkey at home. An Irishman of his acquaintance offered to keep and feed the monkey during the winter months until the street organ season came round again, and the Italian thankfully agreed.

He was rather curious to know why his friend wanted the monkey, so after a few weeks he called to see his pet and to cross-examine the Irishman.

"It's loike this," said the Irishman frankly. "A railway siding runs along the foot of me back-yard, so I put up a pole and when a train uv coal trucks comes by I send the monkey up the pole. There's always some men on the waggons, and very wan takes a heave at the monkey. Diviil a wan has hit him, but I have foive tons uv coal lyin' in me back yard!"

Patience Pays.

DURING his recent stay in Bermuda, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the new President of the United States, had to pay a considerable sum for excess postage, many of his correspondents in America having forgotten that the postage to Bermuda was slightly higher than the postage within the United States.

After commenting on this hardship to an interviewer, Mr. Wilson told a story of a boy in Bermuda who had ordered a chemistry text-book from New York. When it arrived it was found that the postage on it was three shillings short, and the postal authorities refused to deliver it until he had paid the excess fee—double the shortage—which was six shillings.

"What will happen if I refuse to pay?" the boy asked.

"It won't be delivered," he was told.

"And what will you do with it?" was the next question.

"Oh, we keep all these rejected packages," the post office official explained, "and auction them off later."

"Very good," said the boy, and the conversation closed there. He kept a sharp look-out for the announcement of the post office auction, however, and when it came he was able to buy up his package for sixpence.

Hoodwinking the Army.

THE officers of a certain regiment arranged a football match with a team of lawyers, and when the visitors arrived they were given a splendid lunch before the game.

Both officers and lawyers enjoyed the meal, but the lawyers ate very heartily indeed and drank more champagne than a football club trainer would think necessary. The officers, noting this, came to the conclusion that they themselves, being more abstemious, would simply have a walk-over.

Towards the end of the lunch the captain of the military team happened to glance through the window from whence he could see the football ground. To his great surprise, he saw a remarkably fit-looking lot of men kicking the ball about.

"Who are these men?" he asked.

"Oh," one of the lawyers explained, "we generally send out two teams: a lunching team and a playing team. That is our playing team who are looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you; we are the lunching team who already have that pleasure!"

130 FOOTBALL GUESTS WANTED.

WILL YOU COME?

As announced in last week's "Pearson's Weekly," we are selecting 130 readers to be our football guests this year, 100 to see the Cup Final at the Crystal Palace on April 19th, and 30 Scottish readers to see the International Match between England and Scotland, played at Chelsea on April 5th. Will you come with us this year? All your expenses from start to finish will be paid.

ONE HUNDRED TO ENGLISH CUP FINAL.

WE PROPOSE TO GIVE OUR CUP FINAL GUESTS

Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.
Hot breakfast.
A drive in a char-a-banc round London.
Hot dinner at 12 o'clock.
A drive to the Crystal Palace.
Admission to the Palace.
Five-shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
A drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.
Substantial tea.

This week the club whose name we give is LIVERPOOL. An example sentence, to show you how to make "Football Tripshots," but which, of course, you must not use, is:

LIVERPOOL : **L**ively **R**obust **P**layers.

When you have made your Football Tripshot, which may be either serious or humorous, write it in the space provided on the entry form opposite and sign your name underneath. Then ask the friend whom you wish to go with you to the Cup Final to put his name and address beneath yours.

This week six free tickets—three pairs—are offered for the best Football Tripshots. The number of tickets will be increased from time to time until the hundred have been allotted.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN TICKETS.

Each week we will give you the name of a popular football club and we wish you to make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be letters taken from the name of the club. You may use any three letters in the name of the club and in any order, but a letter may only be used more than once as an initial if it occurs more than once. This sentence or phrase we will call a "Football Tripshot."

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form, get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed. Names and addresses must be written, not printed, or typewritten.

2. Envelopes, with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Liverpool" on the top left-hand corner, and those for the International "Partick Thistle." All entries must be posted to arrive not later than Tuesday, January 14.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected, a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses given to view the English Cup Final or the International.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

THIRTY TO INTERNATIONAL SCOTLAND *v.* ENGLAND.

WE PROPOSE TO GIVE OUR INTERNATIONAL GUESTS

Free return railway ticket from any part of Scotland to London.
Hot breakfast.
A drive round London.
Dinner at 12 o'clock.
Drive to football field.
Seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
Substantial tea.

This competition is open only to those domiciled in Scotland. However far north you may live, we pay your railway fare, whatever it is.

This week two free tickets—one pair—for the International Match are offered for the best Football Tripshot on "Partick Thistle," the name of the well-known Scottish League Club.

See Col. 1 for the way to make Football Tripshots.

ENTRY FORM FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS. No. 2.
Write your three words clearly in ink.

.....

.....

I agree to abide by the conditions and to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

This coupon is available for either English or Scottish contests.

On page 737 you will find an article entitled "How to be a perfect 'nut.'"

How to be A Perfect 'Nut'

By A REAL FILBERT.

THERE has recently sprung into existence a type of young man who, in popular parlance, is known as the "Nut," the "Filbert," or as a M.O.B.B. (Member of the Barcelona Brigade). This individual is quite distinct from his prototype, the "Swanker," for, unlike the latter, he is quite inoffensive and well-mannered, a "hail-fellow-well-met," and often possessed with attractive personality.

But his life is ruled by iron laws of dress which are as binding as any of those inscribed in the Statute Book itself. For the benefit of those who aspire to the realms of "Nuttyism" the following illustrations will prove a useful guide; while they will also serve the purpose of displaying the outward and visible signs by which this interesting type can at once be recognised.

One of the strictest laws amongst "Nuts" is never to fasten the last button of the waistcoat. The end of the tie must also be threaded over the fastened buttons.

Picture one illustrates one of the strictest laws in vogue amongst "Nuts." It will be noticed that the last button of the waistcoat is unbuttoned. To fasten it would be an unforgivable sin. Only one button must be left free in this fashion, and the waistcoat must have long points which must form two graceful outward curves from the last button but one.

No self-respecting "Nut" wears anything but "ragtime" trousers, which are shaped like a pegtop.

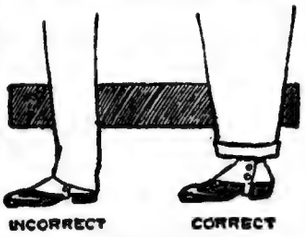
Only a rank outsider would use that last button for its legitimate purpose. Where waistcoats are concerned it is also "the thing" to convert each button into the hue of the tie worn. This is accomplished by wearing a long silk tie, the lengthy end of which is forced through each buttonhole so as to cover the button. This gives the effect of waistcoat buttons covered with cloth similar to the cravat.

No self-respecting "Nut" wears anything but "ragtime" trousers, such as are depicted in the second sketch. In shape they resemble a pegtop, for their width at the top is double that at the ankle. The result is a very roomy garment, which allows of considerable "pulling up" when the wearer is sitting, and leads the way to a display of the inevitable sock.

Unless these trousers are well pressed they resemble a divided potato sack, but as the "Nut" would scorn to be even found dead in an uncreased pair of nether garments, ragtime trousers—which, by the way, is a name derived from the fact that most American ragtime singers adopt this style—are seldom allowed to develop into so sorry a condition.

Were Beau Brummel alive to-day he would have to look to his laurels, for the "Nut" has adopted this famous dandy's side whiskers and nobbed cane.

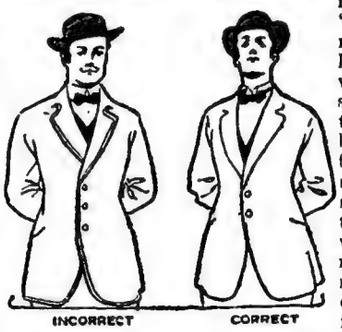
In several ways the modern "Nut" resembles his illustrious ancestors, Beau Brummel and Beau Nash and the dandies of the seventeenth century. As shown in picture three, the fashion in side-whiskers, prevalent in the seventies, has been revived. The "Nut" trains with scrupulous care the growth of his side face fungus until it is thick and bushy for about an inch down each side of his cheeks. Another fashion, culled from the style of Brummel and his set, is the silver-nobbed walking-stick that has banished the crook stick from the realms of "Nuttyism." The correct stick is black ebony surmounted by a round silver knob. In the illustration it will be noticed that the "Nut" has the end of his glove daintily folded back from the wrist. This is another outward and visible sign of his breeding.



According to "Nut" law the effect on the left is all wrong. The correct way to wear "spats," with the required trouser effect, is shown in the right-hand sketch.

Of course the "spat" is an indispensable part of the "Nut's" apparel. But even the wearing of this decoration is attended with governing laws. It has so to be fitted on the boot that it sets quite an inch up from the heel, as shown in illustration four. Under no circumstances must it be pulled down so as to cover the major portion of the boot, as shown in the left-hand figure, neither must a trouser with unturned ends be allowed to descend, and so eclipse the beauty of this boot decoration.

The apparently insignificant button can make or mar the reputation of a conscientious follower of fashion, as the "Nut" recognises it. A lounge-coat which possesses more than two buttons in the front is a monstrosity not to be tolerated, while the morning-coat must possess only one fastening in the front. Coat-sleeves must boast at least four buttons at the cuff.



The man who wears the three-button coat and bow with a double collar transgresses all "Nutty" laws. Only two buttons are allowed, and a bow should be worn with a wing collar.

Our last sketch also shows what the "Nut" may and may not wear in neck and collar decoration. A bow with a double collar transgresses all accepted traditions. A tie of this kind must only be worn with a wing collar, as shown in the right-hand figure. White double collars are also tabooed, the only recognised style being a neck-band decorated with lines of blue-black or purple.

Many will no doubt condemn the "Nut" as a hopeless degenerate, more ornamental than useful. But there is a line of common sense running through his modes of dress. The unbuttoned waistcoat, for instance, saves many a crease, the ragtime trousers are excellent preventives of bagginess at the knees, while the spat saves many a boot-cleaning and covers a multitude of shabby uppers.

"A GOOD OPENING."

A YEOMANRY squad was drilling, and, being out of practice, most of them were suffering from bruises caused by the unsteadiness of one another's movements.

"I believe you have cut my head open," shouted a recruit to a nervous comrade who had given him a severe knock.

"Well," said the distracted sergeant-in-charge, "now is a good time to put something in it!"

GERMS ATTACK YOUR THROAT AND CHEST

& Start Sore Throat, Bronchitis & Chest Weakness.

THE real mischief in colds, bronchitis, and throat and chest ailments is done by myriads of unseen germs which infest the atmosphere, indoors and out, and get carried with the air we breathe into our lungs.

These germs at once start feeding on the delicate membrane that lines the nostrils, throat and breathing tubes. In this way they soon cause soreness and inflammation.

Then there is great danger unless Peps, the real breathable infection-killing tablets, are taken quickly, that the germs will get further in and carry disease to the bronchial tubes and even to the lungs.

As Peps dissolve in the mouth they give off powerful medicinal and germicidal fumes that mix with the breath and circulate through all the air-passages. In this efficient way

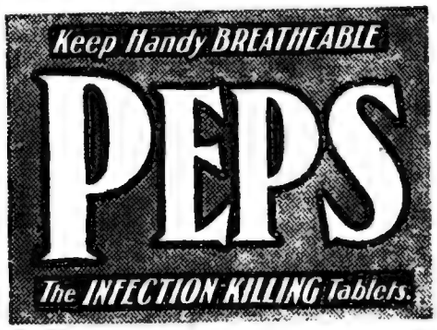
Peps Prevent Infection

and destroy all "cold-germs" that have got into the nostrils and throat. Soreness and inflammation are instantly checked, the bronchial tubes are kept open and clear of phlegm, and breathing is made easy and free.

Where the Peps fumes circulate germs cannot attack. Hence the necessity for keeping Peps handy in damp, cold, or foggy weather, when germs are particularly mischievous.

The Peps direct breathable method absolutely supersedes all other treatments for throat and chest complaints and is now recognised as **the real safeguard against infectious coughs, colds, sore and diphtheric throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, influenza, pleurisy, pneumonia, and all chest weakness.**

Of all Chemists 1 1½ or 2 9. Be sure you see the name PEPS on the box and the outside wrapper. Refuse all imitations.



—I want you to draw me your idea of a perfect "Nut." Be as funny as you like.

HER DOOMED MARRIAGE

The Story of a Father's Cruel Plot.

By SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE.

CHAPTERS 1 TO 4 IN BRIEF.

ELIZABETH CAWTON, a young typist in a Lancashire cotton merchant's office, is the sole support of her father, once a prosperous dancing-master, now brought to poverty and dying through drink. Shortly after her father's death Elizabeth is sitting alone in the attic, which is her only home, when she is startled by the opening of the door. Her visitor is

WILLIAM BLANE, the son of her employer, who has only just heard of her father's death. William has admired Elizabeth for some time, but has been too shy to declare his love until now she is all alone. They become engaged, and William tells her that his father,

ALSTON BLANE, does not object. In fact, Alston Blane did not object to his son flirting with a typist, but when he sees that this is more than a flirtation he summons Elizabeth to his private office, where he cruelly insults her and tells her that it is only a passing fancy that William has, and that he will soon forget her. Elizabeth is furious, and lets out the secret which she ought to have kept—telling him that she is to be married to his son on the following day. Alston Blane intends William to make a brilliant match, and immediately sees

BASIL POWERLEY, an unscrupulous lawyer, and husband of Elizabeth's cousin Ora. Powerley has already robbed Elizabeth's father of papers in connection with a marvellous discovery, and is scheming to do the girl more mischief when Alston Blane tells him that *if he can prevent the marriage of Elizabeth and William he will give him five thousand pounds.*

CHAPTER V.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

FIVE thousand pounds! The words rang as sweetest music in the ear of Basil Powerley. Five thousand pounds to be earned through killing the happiness of two people who had never harmed him, one of whom, indeed, he had injured.

For the moment, Powerley thought only of the reward that was to be his. He did not think how it was to be earned; he stood in such serious need of money, the want of it was so pressing, that he could only realise that here from the most unlikely quarter he was offered help. It was so extraordinary that for an instant he was confused, his head swam, he could think of nothing but five thousand pounds, and they were to be his!

He heard, but as though it came from a distance, the voice of Mr. Blane talking, talking monotonously, when a sentence caught Powerley's attention.

"From what I heard of you, from what I gathered concerning you, you are exactly the sort of person I require. As Miss Cawton's relation, too, you will understand better how to proceed. Stop this marriage from taking place to-morrow, that is all I ask of you. For that service you are to be well paid."

Basil Powerley stared with curiosity and surprise mingled at the speaker's pale, straight-lipped face, that showed so little, if any, emotion.

"Why don't you stop it yourself?" he said bluntly. "Forbid the banns straight out. It would be simpler and much quicker, but"—a sudden, cunning light leaped into Basil's dark eyes—"I don't suppose that you want your son to have it against you; you want someone else to bear the blame, and your boy to be still friendly with you. Is that what you are driving at?"

"You are not here to ask questions, but to say whether you accept my offer or not," said Blane icily. "I am waiting for your answer."

"Why, it's 'yes,' of course!" said Powerley boisterously. "I'm in such a tight place for want of money that there's nothing I wouldn't do to earn it, from sweeping a crossing to shedding blood."

As soon as the last words escaped him he regretted them. They had an ugly sound, taken in conjunction with the subject they had been discussing. Furtively he looked at Mr. Blane; the latter's eyes were fixed upon him with a veiled yet hostile look.

"There'll be nothing of that," Powerley said, almost involuntarily; "my dear sir, of course I understand that—er—your son will not be—I don't know how to put it—injured, hurt in——"

He stopped short, amazed by the look of sudden and violent hate that for an instant changed the impassive face. It went as quickly as it came, however; Mr. Blane turned away.

"I think that is all, Mr. Powerley," he said, and his hand made a movement towards the bell. Basil checked it.

"A little in advance for expenses," he said boldly; he was of the type that asks for money at all seasons; "fifty or a hundred, you know."

Alston Blane looked at him contemplatively.

"Until you have done that for which I am paying you, not a penny do you have," he said. "I employ you, Mr. Powerley, but I do not trust you."

Basil coloured angrily.

"But I have to trust you," he said sulkily. "How am I to know that when I've done the job I shall be paid for it?"

Alston Blane gave a thin smile.

"I'm afraid that you must take your risk and trust my word," he replied. "From what you know of me, Mr. Powerley, I think that you must realise that the risk you run is infinitesimal."

Basil said no more. He both hated and feared this quiet-voiced, cold-eyed man, who used him as a convenient weapon and despised him even whilst making such use of him. He saw that to attempt to get money out of Mr. Blane would be hopeless. Without, therefore, further waste of time, he bade the old man an abrupt good-bye, went away and took a train back to Forchesham.

Arrived there, he made some purchases necessary for his purpose, and then set out for Barton's Lane. It was late, nearly five o'clock, and as he picked his way among squalling children or their vituperative mothers, he wondered why Elizabeth still chose to make her home in so repulsive a quarter.

At the door of the house where she lived he paused and peered distastefully into the dark and narrow passage; a stout and elderly woman, with her grey head crowned by a cap of doubtful cleanliness, appeared out of the gloom and inquired what he wanted.

"Doesn't Miss Cawton live here?" Basil asked. "You know whom I mean; her father died about a fortnight ago."

The old woman, regarding him with a suffused and suspicious eye, shook her head.

"Miss Cawton she's moved 'ouse," she said slowly; "lives with another young lady now, up at them new flats in Porch Road, went there last week. Don't see myself why she left, for them rooms upstairs is fine an' big, and if there's any air, why, you gets it. But I suppose they wasn't grand enough for 'er; I said so to myself only about ten minutes ago, when another gent come askin' for her, in a car, if you please, grand as you like, an' he's gone off arter her, too."

Basil's curiosity was instantly aroused.

"Was the gentleman young or old?" he inquired; and the old woman shook her head again.

"All looks alike to me, what with my pore sight," she replied. "He wasn't young, an' he wasn't old. I told him that Miss Cawton was at Porch Road with Miss Timson, an' there he's gone, though I told him 'twouldn't be much good, seein' as she don't get back from business till past six."

The name of Timson struck a chord in Basil's memory. He had employed a girl of that name as typist; she had left him and gone to Blane & Son. He remembered her as handsome, quarrelsome, and bent upon her own way. He wondered how it came about that she and Elizabeth were friends.

"If you goes up to Porch Road, I dessay as you can leave a message for 'er," said the old woman; and Basil, taking this remark as a hint that he need disturb her no longer, thanked her and went away.

Porch Mansions, industrial dwellings, model flats, seemed to Powerley almost as hideous as the squalor of Barton's Lane, in their aggressive neatness and ugly outlines. Before the door stood a magnificent white and green car.

Basil discovered Miss Timson's name upon a board in the hall, and climbed up seven flights of stairs. The place was very clean, almost depressingly so, thought Basil, when at last he reached the door upon which was painted in large white letters the name of Millicent Timson.

As he knocked for admission, he heard the sound of voices, one masculine; evidently it belonged to the other man who had been inquiring for Elizabeth. Curiosity was aroused in Powerley, and he knocked again with some impatience. The voices within ceased, and presently the door was opened, though very cautiously, by a black-haired, dark-eyed woman, whose perfect lips parted in an uneasy smile as she beheld her visitor.

"Oh, I—I thought it was Elizabeth!" she stammered. "Mr. Powerley, what a fright you gave me! Why are you here?"

Basil, instead of replying, suddenly and by an adroit and unexpected movement, thrust open the door that the girl was holding against him and walked into the tiny passage. His broad shoulders nearly touched it either side. Millicent Timson, with a little gasp, seized him by the arm.

"You're not to go in—you're not!" she whispered. "Mr. Powerley, do as I ask you, go away and at once, please!"

She spoke hoarsely, but in a whisper, and Basil, looking at her curiously, saw that she was labouring under some great fear. Her beautiful dark eyes were fixed upon him entreatingly; in desperation she was almost dragging him back towards the front door.

"My dear Milly, why all this fuss?" Powerly asked in amazement. "What is the matter with you? I want to see my cousin Eliza——"

But Milly's hand was at his lips, choking back the rest of the words.

"Oh, hush—hush!" she whispered frantically. "Mr. Powerley, go now, and I'll explain the whole thing later. I swear I will; only go now. Your cousin isn't here; she's out shopping or something, and she's not to be back till seven. You can come then; only leave me now."

Her wild, agitated manner, that yet had in it something curiously repressed, roused Basil's curiosity, and he resolved to gratify it. Gently he withdrew his arm from Milly's agitated clasp, and cast a furtive glance at the door upon his right, that was half open.

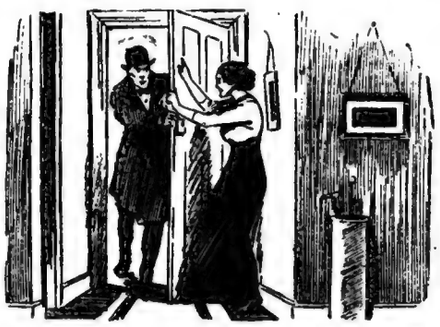
"All right, all right, don't put yourself in a fever, Milly," he said genially, though in tones no louder than hers. "I'll come again, and then perhaps you'll tell me what it's all about."

"Yes, yes—that's all right; of course I will. I know I must seem awfully silly, but I'll explain everything later," said Milly. She stood back, a smile of relief upon her beautiful face, and then, whilst she was off her guard, Powerley made a sudden dash for the half-open door that he had noticed, and before Milly could prevent him, he was in the little sitting-room, face to face with a tall, elderly man, who had turned at the noise, and now was gazing at Powerley with rather angry eyes and an air of cold amazement, that abashed Powerley, and made him feel that he must offer an apology.

"I beg your pardon for bursting in in this rather unceremonious fashion," he said, even whilst he wondered who this tall and distinguished-looking elderly stranger might be, "but I called to see Miss Cawton, on rather important business, so——"

But the other interrupted him with a gracious gesture.

"Pray don't apologise," he said; "business is always important; if I am in the way I will go. I will come



By an adroit movement, Basil thrust open the door that the girl was holding against him.

back later, my dear," he added to Milly, who was looking on with a white, scared face. "Only first introduce me, please."

Thus adjured, Milly looked at Basil.

"This is Mr. Powerley," she said heavily; "he—he gave me employment once. I was his typist."

She paused; the stranger turned to her with a kindly, inquiring smile.

"Aren't you going to complete the introduction, my child?" he asked. "Then I will. I am Carey Burland, Mr. Powerley, brother of the late Mrs. Cawton. I have been out of England for thirty years; I have been as one dead to my family, owing to unfortunate quarrels, but when at last I came back from South

America I found that I still had a niece living, the only relative left me in the world.

"I came down here to find her, and, thank Heaven, I have done so, my dear, dear girl, who has fought so bravely for herself and for her poor father. She has had a hard struggle, Mr. Powerley, but it's over at last, and all she asks of me is that I take her away this very evening from her drudgery, and help her to forget all that she has gone through."

As he spoke, he put out his arm and drew Milly to him. She fixed her eyes in wild pleading upon Powerley, who was gazing at Mr. Burland in stupefied amazement.

"I don't think I understand," he said; "your niece, sir, who—who is she?"

Mr. Burland laughed and patted Milly's dark head.

"Why, it seems that I must do some introducing, too," he said playfully. "Mr. Powerley, this is my niece, Miss Elizabeth Cawton, once your typist, now my charge and future heiress."

And with that he bent his head and kissed Milly once, twice upon the forehead.

CHAPTER VI.

"It's a Wicked Lie!"

FOR a moment Basil wondered whether he were going mad. Then as he met Milly's imploring gaze, revelation was suddenly vouchsafed to him. He understood that, favoured by circumstances, Milly had undertaken the desperate *rôle* of impersonating Elizabeth. Hence her eagerness to leave Forchesham that very night. But what a risky, dangerous game it was! Basil admired her for playing it.

She was a woman after his own heart, bold, unscrupulous, full of audacity and daring, and, with that quickness of his to see any possible advantage to himself, he saw how she might be of use to him, how the money that she would inherit might pass from her to him. He looked at her, and his smile was sly but reassuring.

"I'm sure I congratulate you both on the charming discovery of one another," he said politely. "I won't intrude on you any longer. Miss Cawton!"—his smile widened suddenly as he addressed Milly—"can you tell me when Miss Timson will be back?"

"In—in an hour or so," stammered Milly, her eyes shifting from his mocking face. She was thinking desperately, a creature fighting for what was her life, for this chance of escape from hated bondage. Suddenly she turned to the complacently smiling Mr. Burland. "Do you know, uncle," she said sweetly, "that I'm not going to let you stay here whilst I pack and see to things generally. This flat is horribly stuffy, and you'll be much more comfortable at the hotel. You shall wait for me there and I'll join you as soon as I'm ready. It's the Queen's Hotel, isn't it?"

Mr. Burland demurred a little. He did not mind waiting, he said; the hotel was dreary, and it would amuse him to help his niece. He would rather remain where he was.

But Milly had determined that he should not, and Powerley watched her with grim appreciation as he saw how she won her point through tact and suavity, managing the old man so skilfully that he became quite tractable.

"Well, I'll order dinner for you," he said at last, "and see that it's a nice one. It's a wretched hotel, but it's not the Queen's Hotel; it's the Royal, my dear. And I'll book a room for my niece, Miss Cawton, I shall say, and the best they can give me!"

Milly suddenly grew pale as she heard the name of the hotel. Perhaps she was realising how beset with difficulties is the path of the deceiver. But she was equal to what might prove a danger.

"I think I'd rather you didn't say that, uncle dear," she observed, carefully noting the effect of her words upon him. "I don't want it to get known that you've found me, and have all the newspapers full of it. Can't you see the headlines: 'Romance in typist's life, long-lost uncle returns!' They'd want to interview me, and all sorts of horrors. I'd like to slip out of Forchesham without anyone knowing anything. Do you mind that, dear uncle?"

Mr. Burland looked slightly puzzled.

"But surely in a big town like this no one would be aware of what's happened," he said. "I mean, you're not such a great and important personage, after all, my dear. Of course, I've been out of England for years, and I don't know what's done now, but still——"

"Dear uncle, you've no idea what the newspapers are now!" said Milly quickly; she knew that Powerley was watching her with sardonic interest. "They're perfect spies, and as soon as anybody has money—as much as you have, at any rate—everyone takes such an interest in him, and writes and talks about him. Really, I think it would be better if we went up to town to-night—couldn't we?"

But to this suggestion Mr. Burland demurred. He wanted a quiet night to rest, he said. If his niece would rather that their relationship were not known, would she remain one more night in the flat, and join him the next morning?

Milly's delicate lips tightened. That would mean meeting Elizabeth again, and from that she shrank. She turned to her uncle with a sudden and sweet smile. In her quick brain a plan was already formed.

"Dear uncle, what a good idea!" she said. "Yes, I'll stay here and come to meet you at the hotel in the morning. We're going up to town in my uncle's car," she added, turning to Powerley; "I do look forward to it. Then that's settled, and now I really am going to turn you away. No, I'd rather come to the hotel, dear uncle, than that you should fetch me here."

She held up her face for her uncle's farewell kiss, and then turned to Powerley.

"Good-bye!" she said sweetly. "I'm so sorry that you can't wait for Milly. I'll tell her you've been here."

Then, when Mr. Burland was at the door, "Come back as soon as he is gone," she murmured to Basil. "I—I must see you."

Powerley nodded and followed Mr. Burland. Milly sank into a chair and her hands flew upward to cover her face. The strain was beginning to tell upon her, but when Powerley returned, she was composed, calm of eye and steady of voice.

"Well," he said drily, "I congratulate you, Milly, on being about the most daring little schemer that I've ever come across. But why were you so against going to the Royal? Did you really imagine that you, an insignificant little unit in this big place, would be noticed, talked of? Why, it's certainly the most conceited thing that I've ever heard!"

Milly gave him a lowering glance.

"I don't mean to take any risks," she said. "Mr. Shenley sometimes dines at the Royal—I've heard him say so, and it might just happen that he's there to-night,

Will Blane dashed forward from the threshold, where he had stood listening to Ora's amazing tale.

and I should see him, and he'd be sure to come up and speak to me. I'm not going to stay here either, to meet Elizabeth. I'm going to take a night's lodging somewhere, and to-morrow, thank goodness, I shall be out of Forchesham for ever."

Powerley regarded her attentively.

"You're a bold woman," he said, "and yet you daren't face Elizabeth, whom you're cheating. You fail somewhere, don't you?"

Milly rose suddenly to her feet, her eyes were flaming, she was at that moment magnificent in her beauty.

"I don't want to see her again, because I can't trust myself," she said violently; "I feel—I'd have to tell her, that if she's taken one thing from me—the thing above all others that I longed for—well, I've been even with her. I should want her to know that—I couldn't help it. I've a temper, you know I have, and—and I'm afraid I'd let it get the better of me; so I'm not going to see her. I hope I may never, never see her again."

"Why?" asked Powerley; and Milly flung back her answer to him.

"Because I hate her!" she said fiercely. "There, now you know the truth."

"Then why," asked Powerley sensibly, "do you live with her?"

Milly leaned forward, a dark and dangerous look upon her handsome face.

"Because I wanted to keep a watch on her," she said sombrely, "to find out if—if what was said was true. It is, I know it now, and that's why I'm glad I'm equal with her!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Powerley. "See here, Milly, what's the good of talking in riddles? Tell me what you're driving at."

"I've told you too much already!" she retorted sullenly. "I'll tell you no more."

Powerley suddenly strode over to her and caught her by the arm.

"You needn't," he said; "I know. You're jealous of Elizabeth and young Blane. You're in love with him yourself, and you know that you haven't a chance against her. That's it, jealousy, and you've decided that if you can't be even with her one way you will in another. Why, Milly, you're as easy to read as a printed book!"

"It's no concern of yours, anyway," the girl answered sullenly. "I'm not ashamed of it, though I wish you hadn't guessed it. But that can't be helped now. After all, I'm leaving Forchesham to-morrow for ever, so nothing matters much."

"What will you do" Basil said in a leisurely voice,

(Continued on page 740.)

BAD LEGS CURED

WITHOUT REST OR PAIN.

Under a Legal Guarantee to Cure.

An infirmary which undertakes to cure bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, and under a legal guarantee, when other doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable, even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty in these days of medical marvels.

The new method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs, and by it you are cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse, and you are cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and, combined with varicose vein, disappear. Eczema vanishes. Swollen and painful legs become painless. Diseased bone comes away. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

Why is this? Because Tremol treatment is unlike all other treatments, for it attacks and removes the cause, and if your case is taken in hand—for if it is incurable it will not be accepted—it will be separately and specially prescribed for and attended to until your cure is complete, and while you are applying the treatment in your own home. This no other treatment even pretends to do, for in the other so-called treatments the same thing is supplied to everyone alike, and there it ends.

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of the powerful remedy, is sent free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information; and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

Thousands praise the day they read the book. In it you will find what you have never had before—the opportunity of having your leg permanently made well, for by this new method, you can cure yourself in your own home without pain, rest, operation, relapse, or failure. This is not a chance to be missed, and we advise readers of *Pearson's Weekly* to write at once to the National Infirmary for Bad Legs (Ward P.F.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, describing their case, and the book will then be sent gratis and post free.

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If you can afford it, you have a nursery in which to put the children. I want—

HER DOOMED MARRIAGE *(con. from p. 739).*

"if I go and tell Mr. Burland the truth? You know there's not the slightest reason why I should not. Ah, you hadn't thought of that?"

Milly had turned a sudden and ghastly white; she looked what she was, desperately frightened.

"Oh, you would never, never be so cruel?" she gasped. "What is it to you what I do? You don't want to help Elizabeth; you know that she hates you."

Powerley smiled, then he held out his hand.

"Give me the key of the flat," he said; and with a terrified glance at him she obeyed. He slipped it into his pocket.

"Elizabeth has one, I suppose?" he said, and Milly made a gesture of assent. She was beyond speech, fear kept her dumb. Relying on the bitter estrangement between Elizabeth and Powerley, she had thought that the latter would aid and abet her in her deceit.

"Now," said Powerley, with a grin, "you can go and look for that lodging where you can spend your last night in Forchesham. By the way, what will she say, when she comes home to find you gone?"

"I'm going to leave a note, saying that my aunt is ill, and I've been sent for to London," answered Milly sullenly. "Oh, I've thought it all out; don't you think that I'm going to bungle this. If Elizabeth's got one thing, I've got the other."

"Which means that if she's done you out of the man you love, you've done her out of the money that

Just inside the room at their feet, lay Basil Powerley. He was dead!

ought to be hers," said Powerley. "Well be quick. I'll give you five minutes in which to write that note, and pack what it is you want."

Milly still lingered for an instant, but Basil bent such dark and angry eyes upon her that she hastily withdrew. When the allotted five minutes had elapsed, he satisfied himself that she was safely off the premises, then he went to the neat little writing-table and wrote a letter. It was not long, but he spent some time over it, reading it several times before he finished it, and slipping it into an envelope, addressed it.

Over a quarter of an hour elapsed before he heard the sound of the key in the lock. Scoundrel though he was, one willing to sell himself for the money that he worshipped, at that moment he did realise that the part he was playing was a vile and shameful one. He rose from his chair and stood waiting; his breath caught in a sudden, quick gasp as the door opened and Elizabeth came into the room.

When she saw Powerley, she stood still, all the horror and the dislike that she felt for him shown in her eyes. She shrank from him in distaste and anger, but Basil ignored her significant action, and going to her, took her unwilling hand.

"Elizabeth, my dear," he said gently, "I've something very surprising and also gratifying to tell you. I come with a message from Mr. Alston Blane; will you listen to it?"

For an instant Elizabeth hesitated, and, little though she knew it, upon that moment's doubt there hung the life of a man. Then she looked up into Basil's dark, eager face.

"Yes," she answered, "I will hear what it is you have to tell me."

Basil drew a long breath of relief; now he knew that victory would be his!

* * * *

That same evening Alston Blane had dined alone in the great dining-room that seemed intended for banquets rather than ordinary meals. He had eaten little, and had taken only a glass of the excellent claret that he preferred to all other wines.

He had thought a great deal about his son, and of Basil Powerley, and he had felt sure that the latter would so contrive things that the marriage would not take place. As to how it might be done, he did not choose to speculate. On that point he kept his mind a complete blank. Only he saw himself once again on the old affectionate and friendly terms with Will, the latter reconciled to the loss of Elizabeth Cawton and contemplating the advantages of a match upon which Mr. Blane had set his heart.

He wished his son would come home. Will had promised that he would be back that night; he would keep his word, for was not the morrow his wedding day?

The old man's thin lips tightened, then he turned with an air of relief at the sound of footsteps on the terrace. But it was not his son who emerged out of the darkness; it was the butler.

"A lady to see you, sir," said the servant. "I told her that I didn't think you could, that it was very late, but she insisted on my bringing you her name. She wanted to see Mr. William, but when I told her that he was not back yet, she asked for you. She says it is very urgent, she wouldn't give me her name, after all sir, but handed me this note for you."

Mr. Blane took the letter and opened it with an air of distaste at the scrawled address, to "A. Blane, Esq." He drew out a sheet of paper on which was written: "On a matter of life and death I must see you.—ORA POWERLEY."

The name struck a disagreeable chord in Mr. Blane's mind. This must be the wife of Basil Powerley; what, he wondered, could she want with him?

"Show the lady into the library," he said in his slow, inward voice, and then when the servant had withdrawn he stood motionless for a few seconds staring into the darkness. He was perturbed, uneasy, but he did not show it when he made his way to the library, where Mrs. Powerley awaited him.

The lights were all turned on, and Ora, standing near the great window that looked into the garden, appeared haggard and pale to the eyes of Mr. Blane.

"I came to see your son," she said hoarsely, "but as he is not here, you'll do. Your son—I don't suppose you know it—was going to marry my cousin Elizabeth." She paused, and Alston Blane looked at her with increasing disapproval.

"I am perfectly well aware of it," he said, "but I fail to see what it has to do with you."

Ora put her hand to her throat, she was wild-eyed and trembling, but it was with rage; anger possessed her.

"It has a good deal to do with me," she said shrilly, "considering that this evening I got this letter from Basil, that's my husband, saying that he and Eilzabeth find they love one another, and are running away, and will I tell your son that Elizabeth found out what a mistake she had made in thinking she cared for him."

Ora broke into a storm of tears; Mr Blane, staring at the letter that she had given him, paid no heed to her. A flash of lightning, followed by a sullen crash, told that the long-threatened thunderstorm had reached them, borne on the wings of the wind, which had arisen with almost tropical suddenness. At the sound of the thunder, Ora gave a shrill little scream.

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" she gasped. "Mr. Blane, I daren't go back till it's over! I don't know why I came here to-night, but I was so mad, so distracted, I only thought of letting you know the truth at once."

"The truth?" echoed Mr. Blane dully. "But is it the truth?"

Mrs. Powerley stared at him, and then gave an angry laugh.

"Don't I wish it wasn't!" she said bitterly; "but it's true, Mr. Blane. Elizabeth Cawton and my husband have eloped, there's their own words to condemn them in that letter; what do you call that if not the truth?"

"A lie," cried a furious voice—"a wicked, cursed lie, and the man who dared to write it shall say so on his knees, or I'll choke it down his vile, lying throat, and kill him!"

And Will Blane, white, blazing-eyed, a picture of righteous fury, dashed forward from the threshold, where he had stood listening in amazement that had fast turned to anger at Ora Powerley's tale.

"It's all an invention, sir," he said, turning to his father, and trying to speak calmly—"a foul and evil lie, as I'll prove to you! This woman shall go straight with me to where Elizabeth lives, and then before her dare to repeat this lying charge. That letter's a lie, the man who wrote it is capable of anything. The car is outside, ; we'll go to Porch Mansions, Mrs. Powerley and I, and she shall apologise to Elizabeth for having dared to come here with such a tale!"

Mr. Blane said nothing; he only looked from his son to Ora, who had grown still paler and who looked frightened.

"My husband wrote that letter!" she muttered; "it's—it's true!"

"I don't doubt he wrote that letter," retorted Will scornfully, "and that is enough to prove it a lie. You are to come with me at once, Mrs. Powerley."

Ora recognised that to fight was useless, and she submitted sullenly. Alston Blane still stood motionless and silent; he had not spoken to his son, and Will had been too engrossed with Mrs. Powerley to notice his father's strange manner. He thought only of getting Ora to the car, and once she was in it, with him beside her, he bade the chauffeur drive as fast as he could to Porch Mansions.

When they reached the door of Milly Timson's flat, it was wide open.

Will went into the flat, Ora following closely. The sitting-room door was open, and they entered it, to start back with a wild cry of horror on Ora's part, and an ejaculation on that of Will. Just inside the room at their feet lay Basil Powerley, his upturned face of a hideous pallor, and his eyes wide-open, fixed, eyes that would see nothing more in this world, for he was dead!

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

HOW TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

One of our lady readers who found that her skin was becoming harsh and dry from the use of powders, rouge and creams, sends us the formula below. She states that the simple, harmless, and inexpensive lotion made therefrom softened her skin, and so greatly enhanced the beauty of her complexion that she has entirely done away with all other preparations which she had been accustomed to use. This lotion can easily be prepared at home or by any good pharmacien. It calls for two ounces of Rose Water, one drachm Tincture of Benzoin, and two ounces Flowers of Oxzoin. Mix together and apply night and morning with the hands, or use a soft cloth or sponge. Always shake well before using. Our obliging correspondent asks that her name be withheld for personal reasons, but nevertheless gives us permission to publish her letter for the benefit of other readers. She adds that this formula was given her by a woman 65 years old, whose youthful complexion and almost total absence of wrinkles were a source of wonder and admiration to all who knew her.

Note:—Owing to the great demand for this formula most chemists now keep it put up in its completed form and call it Harriett Meta's Milk of Roses, after the famous beauty who first discovered and used it.

IS YOUR HEART BAD?

Feel your pulse. Is it regular? Do you ever have PALPITATION, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, SKIPPING A BEAT, COLD HANDS OR FEET, DROPSY, PAINS UNDER THE LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, TROUBLE IN LYING ON LEFT SIDE, DIZZY SPELLS, DROWSINESS AFTER EATING, VIOLENT STARTS IN YOUR SLEEP, FULNESS IN THE THROAT, NEURALGIA AROUND THE HEART?

If you have any of these symptoms, is it not time to correct them? Oxien has proved an almost infallible cure of Functional Heart Troubles and their many complications. Let us send you a FREE PACKET, that you may, WITHOUT COST, try its effects upon your trouble. We will send the week's TRIAL TREATMENT, relying on your telling your friends if it does you good. Full particulars of use and of some of the cures with every packet. It costs you nothing to try.—THE GIANT OXIE CO. Ltd. (Dept. 6 FF), 8 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

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Home Cookery.

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At all Newsagents.

A COOK'S NOTEBOOK is an entirely new feature. It will tell you, month by month, all through the year, what food is in season, what to buy and what to avoid.

—Another name for the nursery. One good one is: "The bawl-room!" I want better.

THE STORIES OF FAMOUS MELODIES.

"VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH."

PERHAPS one of the best answers to the ever-present question: "Have the music halls improved?" that could be given is to quote the following verse with the remark that it is from a ditty that was hailed as a masterpiece among comic songs of sixty years ago.

"It is of a rich merchant I am going for to tell,
Who had for a daughter an unkimmon nice young gel;
Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,
With a very large fortune in silver and gold."

Chorus (repeated four times):

"Singe-in-tooralli, tooralli, tooralli, da."

"Villikins and His Dinah," was the name of this polished production, and Fred Robson—"The Great Little Robson," was the man who sang it into the immense popularity it once enjoyed.

It is actually on record that the song helped to "keep two farces alive for nearly twelve months."

Whatever its lyric worth may have been, it is a fact that "Villikins and His Dinah" was the success of its period, and even J. L. Toole sang it on the stage.

Charles Dickens is also said to have liked the song and to have sung it in private theatricals; and it is recorded of Thackeray that he was once so amused by it that he actually fell off his seat through laughing at it!

The words of the song are full of mispronunciations—"unkimmon" for uncommon, for example; and "Villikins" was probably an alleged comic perversion of Wilkins.

There is one creditable fact in connection with the song; the author of it contrived to remain unannounced for a number of years.

(*Next Week: "My Old Dutch."*)

RESULT OF "BROKEN RULES" CONTEST.

IN our Christmas Double Number we published a plan of a football field and players, and invited our readers to find out the number of rules that were being broken. The picture contained ten transgressions of the laws of the game, and nine competitors have sent in correct lists. In our rules we stated that there would be a first prize of £5 and five prizes of £1. We have decided to lump this prize-money together and divide it among the winning competitors. To each of the following a cheque for £1 2s. 3d. has been sent:

Barber, M., 23 Keyham Street, Weston Mill, Devonport; Britton, W., 2 The Canal, Salisbury; Brown, H. W., 32 Tabley Road, Tufnell Park, N.W.; Gurd, W., 7, Magdalen Hill, Winchester; Ingleden, J. W. G., Ainthorpe, Danby, Grosmont, Yorks; Jefferson, J. W., 31 Granville Avenue, West Hartlepool; Pearson, J., 3 McKerrell Street, Paisley; Vaux, L., 12 North Street, Gosport; Walford, E. W., 15 Newgate Street, Walton-on-Naze.

HERE ARE THE RULES THAT WERE BROKEN.

1. The centre of the field of play should be marked. *Violates Law* 1.

2. One corner flag missing. A flag should be at each corner of the field. *Violates Law* 1.

3. Twelve players playing against eleven. The game should be played by eleven men on each side. *Violates Law* 1.

4. Time of play, ninety minutes, has been exceeded. *Violates Law* 2.

5. The player throwing in the ball has transgressed Rule 5. The rule states that the player throwing in the ball must stand on the touch line, facing the field of play. *Violates Law* 5.

6. Flags, if placed at the half-way line, must be at least one yard from the touch line. *Violates Law* 6.

7. The player receiving the ball is standing in an offside position. *Violates Law* 6.

8. Charging the goal-keeper in his own area, unless he is holding the ball, or obstructing the play, is not allowed *Violates Law* 8.

9. Kicking or jumping at a player is not allowed, as it constitutes dangerous play. *Violates Law* 9.

10. The referee has not enforced the laws of the game. He shall act as time-keeper. *Violates Law* 13.

FATHER OF SHORTHAND.

JUST one hundred years ago—on January 4th, 1812, to be precise, Sir Isaac Pitman, the "father of modern shorthand-writing," was born. He was a Wiltshire boy—Trowbridge being his native place, and his father was first a factory overseer and afterwards a cloth manufacturer.

Young Isaac Pitman started his working life as a clerk, and from that he went to teaching in small parish schools. In one of his schools, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, he introduced shorthand as a subject and published a book which he called "Stenographic Sound Hand."

Gradually he gave himself up to developing and popularising shorthand, his usual working day being 6 a.m. to 10 p.m., with only three hours free for meals and rest.

Millions of his books have been sold; his "Phonographic Teacher" had at one time an annual sale of 150,000 copies, and it is estimated that fully half a million people write shorthand under his system.

But although Pitman's shorthand is probably quite the most popular system, it was a long way from being the first one.

The ancient Romans had a way of abbreviating longhand writing, and one Tiro, a slave, to whom the credit of the invention has been given, was employed by Cicero as secretary on account of his ability in the art!

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, a Dr. Timothy Bright published "Characterie; an Arte of Shorte, Swifte, and Secrete Writing by Character"; while in the same reign Peter Byles came along with "The Writing Schoolmaster."

Pitman, who was knighted in 1894, first published his system in 1837, and this marked a new era in shorthand. His system was legible, and though exhaustive, simple in comparison with others.

AN AUDITOR WINS £40.

The Reader who Sent in the "Middle" Olive Branch—"Best Banister Burnisher," Tells Mr. P. Doubleyou How He Thought it Out.

MR. L. H. KENNEDY, who lives at 127 Hornsey Road, Holloway, is an auditor, and I had some difficulty in seeing him.

"You see I am up to my eyes in work," was his first remark. "The end of the year keeps us busy, but I can always spare time to talk to Mr. P. Doubleyou, especially when he brings me a fat cheque!

"Well, I'll tell you how I came to enter 'Middles' and win, in my own way. I have taken in *Pearson's Weekly* for years, in fact I have won small prizes in your Picture Puzzle Contests and Limericks, so that was one reason why I look at all your competitions.

"I didn't enter 'Middles" straightaway, but watched the results for the first few weeks. I was struck by the absolutely fair way in which the competition was judged, and by the fact that the prize-winning attempts were always worth the money they got.

"I saw that skill always got there, and naturally I wanted to back my skill against that of other readers. When making 'Middles' I always reject the obvious, and carefully think out some meaning of the word or phrase that doesn't seem likely to be hit upon by other readers.

"'Olive Branch,' for instance, the phrase I selected and which won me £40, immediately gives one the impression of having something to do with peace, holding out the olive branch, you know. I rejected that, therefore, as being too ordinary and looked round for another meaning, and remembered that children were sometimes called 'Olive Branches.' After that, 'Best Banister Burnisher' only required a little extra thought.

"What am I going to do with the money? Well, it has come just at the right time. I have suffered from neurasthenia and have been advised to take a sea voyage to set me up again. Your £40 is just the one thing wanted to make that sea voyage practicable, and gives me a first-class start for the New Year."

Another splendid opportunity of winning a big prize is offered in the "Middles" Contest this week. The first prize is still £100; the second prize is still £60; the third prize is still £40; the fourth prize is still £20; and the fifth prize is still £10. Turn to page 748 and try to win the £100.

THIS SENSATIONAL NEW BOOK

SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY ADULT—MARRIED AND UNMARRIED.

The event of the publishing season, so far as Health and Purity are concerned, is the publication of the standard work on Marriage, by Mr. A. Dennison Light. Its appearance at the present moment is especially timely, in view of the startling evidence given before the Royal Commission on Divorce.

Mr. Light has already made his fame as a vigorous, original, and unfearing writer on these subjects, but in his "Marriage: Before—and After," he has surpassed all his former efforts, and achieved his masterpiece.

"Marriage: Before—and After," is a splendid piece of work, which every man or woman already married or contemplating marriage should read.

Writing in the most direct and plain-spoken manner, and scorning all prudish notions of unhealthy mock-modesty, the author deals with the great subject of Marriage in the most comprehensive and fascinating manner, giving to his readers, whether male or female, invaluable information, hints, and advice impossible to obtain elsewhere.

The necessity of such a book as this has long been felt.

The subject of Marriage lies at the very foundation of the national well-being, and the union of a man and a woman "for better or worse" is the most important event in the life of any individual, the climax of human existence. Upon its results depend the future of the race and the happiness of the individuals concerned.

Such an event demands, therefore, the most careful preparation on the part of those who contemplate entering into the state of matrimony.

It also demands that those men and women already married should take steps to ascertain the very best course to pursue *after* marriage. They cannot find these things out for themselves. They must rely upon the experience of others, experience always difficult to get on so delicate a subject as this.

"Marriage: Before—and After" tells you all you want to know about these most important matters.

It contains the accumulated knowledge of the best brains in the world on this question, knowledge hitherto unobtainable except in very expensive medical works.

It shows how in young men thoughtlessness and want of knowledge is responsible for untold matrimonial misery.

It shows also how ignorance in the case of young women, too, has led to unspeakable suffering and home-wrecking disasters.

And it helps you to avoid all these troubles.

Skilfully the author guides his readers past the treacherous snares and pitfalls that lie about the path of the unwary wedded, and shows how they can be avoided, and marital comfort and enjoyment greatly increased.

HOW TO INCREASE MARITAL HAPPINESS AND ENJOYMENT.

He explains also how the result of following certain rules is seen in better home life, healthier offspring, and enhanced happiness.

For obvious reasons the complete contents of this book cannot be summarised here. In the following short synopsis some of the most important and valuable parts of this work are necessarily left out. But enough remains to give you some idea of what this great book is like, and by sending to the address below you can read the whole work from first to last in your own private time.

Here is just the bare outline of what this book is—the skeleton stripped, as it were, of its flesh.

CHAPTER I.—The future of the child.—Dreadful ordeals.—Purpose of Author.

CHAPTER II.—Age at which to marry.—Result of early and late marriages.—Unripe parents.—What a physician says.—Disparity in ages.—Religion and marriage.—Law of choice.—Physical attributes in parents.—Love.—False Love.—How not to be misled.—Women who break hearts.—Advice.—When not to marry.

CHAPTER III.—Amativeness: its use and abuse.—Wrong habits.—Concealment.—After marriage.—Useful information for the married.

CHAPTER IV.—Important Physiological Facts.—Hints for those who wish to become parents.—The father's influence.—Rules for women, etc. (A most valuable chapter this, which all married people ought to read.)

CHAPTER V.—Mainly about the Baby and nursing.

CHAPTER VI.—The law of the Husband.—The husband's duty, etc.

CHAPTER VII.—The law of the Wife.—The wife's duty.—Marital Rights, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Subjects of which more might be said.

This wonderfully interesting and informative book ought to be read and studied by every young man and young lady engaged to be married, as well as by those who are already married. Married men and women must read this book, and those contemplating marriage ought to read it.

Write, then, for this book now.

Seldom have delicate subjects been dealt with in so sensible, uncompromisingly a way.

There is no shuffling or beating about the bush here, but a straightforward explanation of matters usually kept secret, an explanation which everyone can follow and understand, and which gives the most valuable assistance to all married couples and to all who are hoping to shortly merge their destinies into another's.

The demand for copies of this book has been so enormous that we are scarcely able to print quickly enough, and the danger is that the fourth edition will be sold out within a few days.

Make sure of getting your copy, then, by writing for it now.

Fill up this coupon and post it off. By return this book will be sent you under plain cover.

COUPON. *Pearson's Weekly* 11/1/13

To the Health and Vim Publishing Co.,
109 Vim House, 73 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,
I enclose 1s. 2d. Please send me post free by return one copy of **"Marriage: Before—and After."**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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—For the five best names I will give Postal Orders of Half-crown each. Mark postcards "Nursery." *(See page 743.)*

The New Adventures of Lieut: Daring

THE THAMES TUG AFFAIR.

IN the whole history of London crime there has never been quite such an amazing case as that known as "The Thames Tug Affair." Previously the Sidney Street siege had stood alone in happenings of the kind, but, extraordinary as that had been, it was not so thrilling and dastardly or so dramatic in *dénouement*, as that played out on the Thames on this subsequent occasion.

In several ways there was a similarity between the two affairs. In each a band of foreign anarchists had run wildly amok, and then, hotly pursued, taken hasty refuge and defied the agents of law and order with recklessly-handled firearms; and in each the intolerable situation had finally to be ended—astonishingly ended in these civilised days, by the extremest of extreme measures.

The affair actually had its beginning about six o'clock one dark, cold December morning. A policeman patrolling Downing Street had suddenly come upon four men behaving in a most suspicious fashion outside No. 10, the residence of the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister had been mainly instrumental in a new Act of Parliament being placed upon the Statute Book, an Act which effectually prevented Great Britain from henceforth being a sort of dumping-ground for all the scum of the earth who were refused admittance elsewhere, and, as afterwards came out, a powerful international society of anarchists had condemned him to death on this account. He and his household were to be blown to bits, and three men had been ordered to do the deed.

They all but succeeded; if the policeman who first came upon them had been half a minute later than he was they would have got away, and not only the Prime Minister's house, but probably the whole of Downing Street and several of the Government Offices in Whitehall as well, would have been wrecked.

They were fixing and concealing their deadly bomb outside the house when the constable discovered them. With that pluck so characteristic of the police he blew his whistle, and then attempted to grapple with them single-handed. With curses of rage they turned upon him, shot him fatally through the neck, and then decamped.

The heroic policeman had just sufficient life left in him to point out the bomb and indicate the way the three villains had fled to comrades who came up in response to his whistle before he died.

An explosion was averted in the very nick of time, and then, while one man remained with the shot officer, the rest started off hot on the chase.

Down Whitehall they tracked the villains to the Embankment—they had shot two other policemen, one mortally, in their flight—to a little tug lying in the middle of the Thames, just below Westminster Bridge.

A boat had been waiting in readiness to take them off, and there was no sign of them when the first squad of police reached the Embankment. Just one man—a man at the tug's wheel—was visible, and the boat was beginning to move off down river.

Almost at once a boat belonging to the river police started to give chase. They had barely started, however, when a series of shots, fired from the tug's portholes whizzed into the boat and among the police and crowd by the riverside. It was obviously madness for the police-boat to go on, and so it turned back.

Meanwhile the tug was moving forward. It was imperative that something must be done, and a police-inspector did it. Drawing the revolver which he had hastily grabbed and brought with him from Cannon Row Police Station, he crouched down behind the wall of the river, and, aiming at the man at the tug's wheel, fired.

With a cry audible on shore, the man threw up his hands and crashed flat on his face. To all appearances he had been killed outright. A roar of approval, full of fierce anger in its tone, went up from the hundreds of people already on the scene as the man fell and the tug began to drift—her engines suddenly stopped—sideways.

The cry changed to one of satisfaction, however, when someone, vigorously waving a white flag, appeared on her deck, and others ran to the anchor and dropped it. She was capitulating at once!

Reinforced, the police-boat put off again. She had got to within about thirty yards of the tug when the man with the white flag and his companions suddenly darted below. Three seconds later a perfect hail of magazine-revolver shots broke out from the tug's portholes, and three of the police-boat's crew toppled over wounded.

"Come back!" shouted police and public from the Embankment; and once again the boat turned and came to shore. The white flag had been a ruse; it had merely been employed in order that the tug might be anchored in midstream, and so prevented from drifting too close to either bank of the river.

Matters now seemed to be at a standstill. The tug could not get away, because anyone who ventured on her deck could be shot from the shore, and it was plainly folly to try and approach her because of the porthole shooting. It was an amazing situation.

Hundreds of policemen, armed with rifles and revolvers, had now been brought from Scotland Yard and other stations, and were grimly lining the Embankment, and a hurried consultation of the heads of the police had been called.

Suggestion after suggestion was discussed and rejected, and then the Home Secretary, who had been informed of the situation by telephone, arrived on the scene. He was the one man who could order a resort to any unusual method he deemed necessary in the interest of public safety.

He listened to every suggestion, from surrounding the tug with ships to torpedoing it, but shook his head at each.

"Can't get a torpedo-boat for hours, and every other way means death to some more men," he said shortly. "No, remain as you are till I come back; there's only one way to settle them. Come with me, Inspector Macnaught, and bring that bomb along with you."

He hurried to his motor-car and jumped in.

"The flying grounds at Hendon," he said.

Half an hour later he was talking to one of the officials of the aerodrome and an alert, determined-looking young man.

"I know you by reputation, Lieutenant Daring, and I am glad that you happen to be here," said the Home Secretary. "Give me twenty minutes' start, and then come on. Drop this bomb slap into the middle of them."

The alert, determined-looking young man took the bomb and said: "Yes, sir," in the most matter-of-fact way.

* * * *

It was eight o'clock, and half London had not even sat down to breakfast when one of the most extraordinary and exciting sights it had ever witnessed took place.

For close upon two hours hundreds of armed policemen had crouched down below the parapet of the Thames Embankment between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, and scores more, also armed, had lined both of the bridges, while at anchor in the middle of the river rode a tug containing a number of desperate murderers—a gang that had already killed four men and was evidently quite ready to kill many more.

No one could attack them without being attacked, and they could go on killing just as long as their ammunition held out. The position was akin to that of a cat watching a mouse, only here the mouse was something more than a menace to the cat.

For a long time there was silence and no offensive movement by either side. Presently, however, a sense of bustle, a sense of something drastic impending began to manifest itself on shore. The electric tram-cars ceased running. Westminster Bridge and the Embankment in the neighbourhood of it were cleared and closed to all traffic, and the Thames between Westminster and Waterloo became empty of all shipping except the "tug-fort" anchored, by the irony of Fate, almost opposite Scotland Yard.

Just before half-past eight the Home Secretary arrived back on the scene and took up his position near the bridge. He called several high police-officers to him and issued some definite orders. Then he stood in his place of shelter, his gaze fixed upon the sky to the left of Whitehall.

In three minutes he saw what he was looking for. High up above the City there appeared what was first like a speck in the air, but which, as it gradually came nearer, took the definite shape of a quickly-travelling aeroplane.

The Home Secretary nodded to the officer standing beside him, who passed word about "something on." The word went down along the line of crouching, armed policemen, and as each man passed it on he bent low and ran speedily across the road, away from the riverside, and took up his position in a doorway or behind a tree or a lamp-post on the opposite pavement.

The flying-machine came on swiftly. It flew past Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, wide of the Admiralty Offices, and so down till it came over the Thames, west of Westminster. Manœuvring, it turned its nose east, and then, slowly and low, passed over the bridge towards the tug.

The next few seconds were terrible ones. The men on board the tug seemed suddenly to realise what was about to happen, to scent the death that was to be their lot. They understood that their end was at hand.

Shrieking, reckless of peril from ashore, they rushed on deck and frantically began firing their revolvers up in the air at the aeroplane and its occupant.

"Ping" after "ping" of bullets rang out, fired off by the terrified creatures on the tug, but still the flying-machine bore slowly down on them. Suddenly she glided right above the tug, and, seeming almost to hover in the air for a moment, dropped a smallish, dark object down on to the doomed boat.

A piercing yell went up from the tug as the object dropped on her, close by her funnel, and it was just possible to see some figures rush madly about the deck before there was a terrific, rocking report, a burst of flame, a shower of wood, iron, water—twenty different things—and then an awed silence.

In a minute half-a-dozen police-boats had shot out into the river. But there was no sign of any living human-being in the water—just a confused mass of floating *débris*, and nothing more.

The exterminators had been exterminated; they had paid for life with life: their own bomb had been made to recoil upon them.

* * * *

"Lieutenant Daring, sir!" announced a secretary to the Home Secretary two hours later.

"Show him in," said the latter.

The Home Secretary and the young naval officer shook hands.

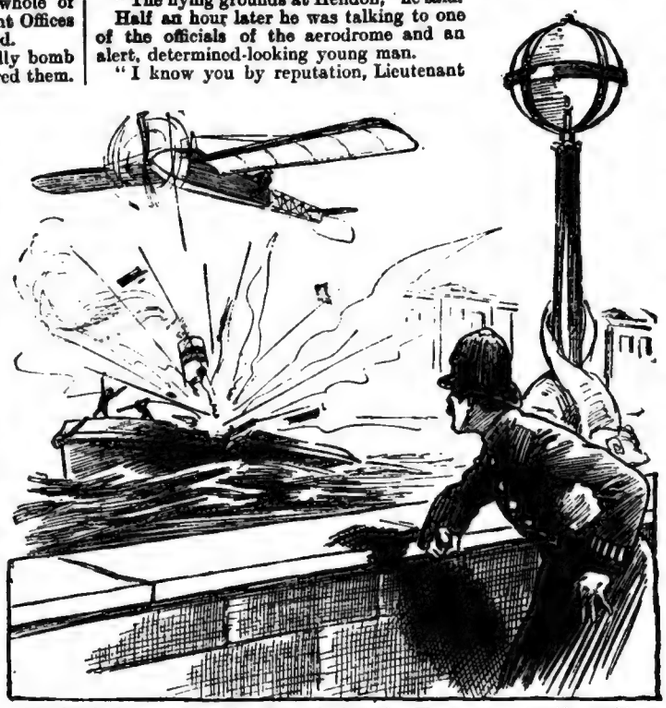
"They didn't hurt you with their bullets, I hope, Daring?" asked the responsible head of civil law and order in the country.

"Only one of my boots," laughed Daring. "One of their shots made a hole right through the left heel."

"Well, send me a bill for a new pair," said the Home Secretary, smiling. "And let me again say thank you for what you did, and also how fortunate it was for everyone that you happened to be practising flying this morning. It was just an off-chance whether I found an airman skilled in bomb dropping up at Hendon."

"Well, sir, I don't mind owning I was very relieved when I had dropped the infernal thing!" remarked Daring, laughing.

(Another of Lieut. Daring's adventures next week.)



The bomb dropped close by the tug's funnel. There was a terrific, rocking report, a burst of flame, a shower of iron, wood, and water, and then an awed silence.

Now, ladies! Why did the pot call the kettle black? Be witty! (Turn to page 744)

THE COCOA OF HIGHEST FOOD VALUE

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL COMFORTING **COCOA**

Made from the choicest cocoa beans and prepared with greatest care and skill.

There is more pure nourishment in a cupful of 'Epps's' than in an equal quantity of any other cocoa.

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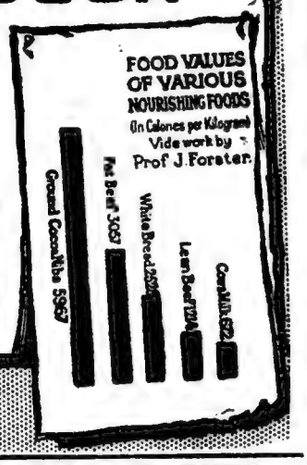

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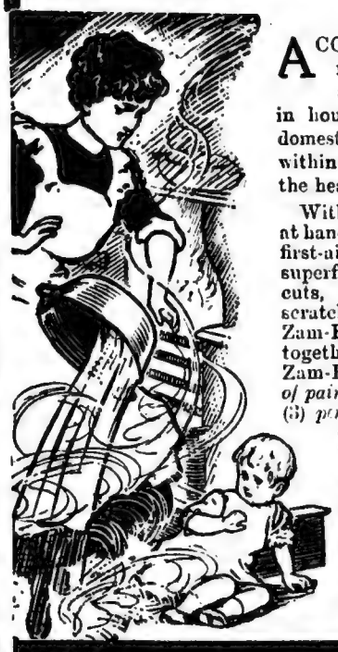

ACCIDENTS in the kitchen are so numerous that blood-poisoning is a daily peril to those engaged in housework. Every housewife and domestic therefore should always keep within easy reach a box of Zam-Buk, the healer that is antiseptic.

With Zam-Buk in the house you have at hand an ever-ready and always reliable first-aid for the immediate treatment of superficial injuries, such as scalds, burns, cuts, bruises, lacerations, sprains, scratches, &c. The special advantages in Zam-Buk, and which cannot be found together in any other preparation but Zam-Buk, include (1) *instant alleviation of pain;* (2) *rapid healing of the skin;* and (3) *perfect safety from blood-poison* and other complications that are to be feared when a wound is not clean.

There is no time like the present for laying in a stock of Zam-Buk, the pure and refined herbal healer that can only be made in the Zam-Buk Company's Laboratories, and never loses its healing, soothing, and antiseptic efficiency. It is an excellent thing to keep a box of Zam-Buk always handy in the kitchen. Get a 1/1½ or 2/9 box to-day.

Zam-Buk

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STOCKTAKING.—Genuine Sale. Cycle Covers, 2/6; Tubes, 1/11. Lists free.—Gorton, Manufacturers, Wolverhampton.

WEAK MEN, send for my two Books, FREE.—Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."—A popular and practical treatise on the laws governing life, with Special Chapters on Generative Weakness, Loss of Vital Force, and practical observations on Marriage. Valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength, and restore the Powers when lost. A valuable, instructive, and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, and Loss of Power in Men. Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps, by Charles Gordon, No. 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

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MARGATE.—The Clarence Boarding Establishment, Eastern Esplanade, Cliftonville. Unique position, facing Oval. Excellent cuisine, select company, moderate terms.—Apply Manageress.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

INCOME TAX.—If you wish to avoid trouble and expense, buy "A handy Guide to Income Tax Payers." It will solve all your difficulties in making a correct return, and thus avoid overcharge. Send 1/2 to A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE. Send at once for our list of 1,500 absolutely Sensational Bargains. Free to any address. It's a revelation.

12s. 6d. Real Russian Furs (£2 10s. set).—Rich and lustrous dark sable brown 8 ft. long Dagmar Stole, trimmed ten Russian tails, and handsome Granny Muff to match. Together, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10s. 6d.—Gent's 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), ten years' warranty, absolutely perfect timekeeper; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. All quite indistinguishable from new. Week's free trial. Together, Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

8s. 6d.—Curb Chain Padlock **Bracelet,** 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case, 8s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. Pawnbrokers (Dept. [illegible]), **26 DENMARK HILL, LONDON.**

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SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND.—Handbook and lesson of this easy, rapid system sent free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular, describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 59 & 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

ROSES.—Full instructions for the cultivation and care of Roses in order to grow them to the best advantage may be found in "Roses, and How to Grow Them," by Violet Biddle, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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The **SLOAN-DUPLOYAN** high-speed System saves a year's study. Used by Official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Eighty words per minute in one month by the celebrated **"New Rapid"** lessons, acquired in twelve hours. Simple, Legible, Practical. Send postcard for interesting handbook and **Free** Lesson—SECRETARY, Holborn Hall College, 99 Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

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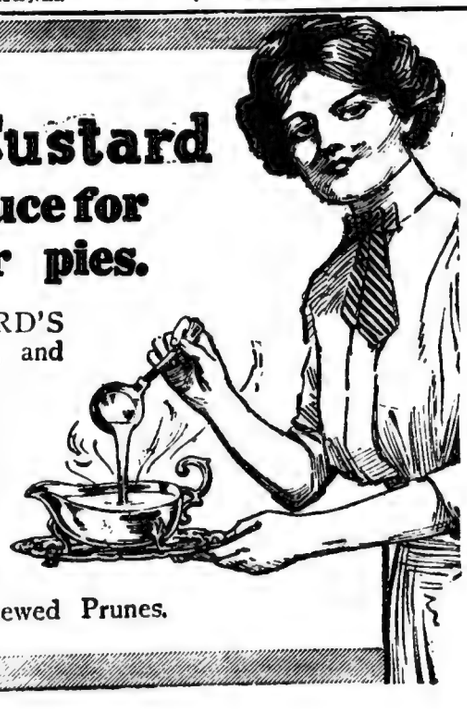
Bird's Custard

as a Hot Sauce for puddings or pies.



You prepare the BIRD'S Custard in the usual way, and serve at once while HOT.

This rich Creamy Sauce transforms the plainest pudding into a delightful treat and gives the finishing touch to Mince Pies

The children simply love it poured over hot stewed Prunes.

TRY KOMPO FOR COLDS

A REAL COLD CURE

Now that the cold-catching season is here remember—Dr. White's **KOMPO** really does cure and prevent colds, influenza, and similar ailments. It is pleasant to take and may be taken in hot or cold water, tea, coffee, cocoa, or milk. A tasty stimulant and an effective medicine. **Refuse imitations—Insist on KOMPO.** Sold in bottles, 1 1/2 and 2/9, by all chemists and stores, or post free from J. F. WHITE & CO., Chemists, Benson Street, Leeds.

DAINTY DISHES.

Fig Mould.

Grease a mould and line it with half a pound of figs cut in halves. Place two rounds of stale bread in a bowl, then pour over them half a pint of hot milk, add two well-beaten eggs, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of currants, and one ounce of candied peel, pour this into the centre of the mould, cover with greased paper, and steam for one hour.

Iced Apples. (A Pretty Sweet for Supper Parties.)

Take half a dozen large apples, peel and core them. Then take one ounce of butter, the same quantity of sugar, and a small piece of lemon rind finely grated. Mix all together, place a little of the mixture in the centre of each apple, and bake on a baking sheet. Set on one side to cool. Then cover each with icing similar to that used for cakes. Return to the oven to set the icing. Serve with custard.

Apple and Tomato Chutney.

Take one and a half pounds of apples, peel and quarter them, add one pound of ripe tomatoes, one pound of raisins, stoned and halved, one pound of brown sugar, two ounces of mustard, one ounce of pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt. Simmer all together with one quart of the best vinegar for two hours, then bottle. This chutney can be used at once.

Almond Nuts.

Take half a pound each of fine flour, caster sugar, and ground almonds, two eggs, six ounces of butter, and the grated rind of a lemon. Beat the butter to a cream, add the eggs previously well-beaten, sugar, almonds, flour, and lemon rind. Stir the whole briskly together for fifteen minutes then form into balls and bake in a slow oven till a golden brown.

Three Dainties for Afternoon Tea.

Almond Cakes.

Take five ounces of flour, rub it into two ounces of butter, and add five ounces of caster sugar. Then blanch one ounce of sweet almonds and one quarter of an ounce of bitter ones, chop, and mix these with the flour, butter, and sugar. Form into little oblong shapes the size of a nutmeg, dust with sugar, and bake lightly.

Chocolate Macaroons.

Put half a pound of freshly grated chocolate into a basin with three-quarters of a pound of caster sugar and three ounces of ground almonds. Flavour with vanilla and mix with an egg, previously well beaten. Line a baking-tin with buttered paper and drop the mixture on it in small lumps of equal size. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Soda Cakes.

Take eight ounces each of flour, butter, caster sugar, and currants. Mix these together, adding half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the yolks and whites of four eggs separately, then add to the dry ingredients and beat well for ten minutes. Bake in small patty pans for fifteen minutes.

RENEWING COMPLEXIONS.

Mlle. Claire Robin.

I believe I can add to the happiness of a great many women by revealing to your readers a little "beauty secret" which largely banishes the natural dread of the advancing years.

My idea is that when the skin becomes faded, wrinkled and ugly from years of exposure or ignorant treatment, there is but one thing to do. You must actually remove that thin outer veil of ugly complexion and give the beautiful young complexion, which lies just underneath, a chance to show itself and to "breathe." I find that the best way to do this is to get some good, pure jettaline from the chemist and apply it to the face for several nights just as you would cold cream. About one ounce will do. It seems to absorb the lifeless skin in tiny, microscopic flakes, gradually revealing the healthy, beautiful skin just underneath. I know women who have done this occasionally for years and their complexions are beautiful.

My knowledge of this simple plan has been a great comfort to me, for I, like most women, hate to grow old, or rather, to look old.

Special Lessons in Cookery

By An EXPERT.

HOW TO MAKE MILK PUDDINGS.

(Milk puddings are very easy to make, but they are equally easy to spoil. Follow these directions and you will find that you will never again dish up a milk pudding which is rejected by your family as being "nasty and dull.")

A MILK pudding may be eaten either hot or cold. The hot kind is generally baked in a dish and made with whole grain. The cold kind is generally turned out of a mould and made with powdered grain.

A Hot Milk Pudding.

Two tablespoonfuls of rice, sago, tapioca, flake rice, or semolina.

One pint of milk or milk and water. If water or skim milk is used you must put in a dessertspoonful of finely chopped suet in order to give richness to the pudding.

One or two dessertspoonfuls of caster sugar.

Vanilla, almond or lemon flavouring.

Wash the grain, put it into a greased piedish, add the milk and sugar, and stand the dish in a very slow oven, leaving it there for at least two hours. When the grain is thoroughly well swollen, lift the dish to a hotter place till the skin is brown on the top.

Sprinkle a little sugar over the pudding and serve it.

Rice, tapioca, and sago are better for being soaked overnight, as this softens them and helps them to swell to the fullest possible extent. If you want to economise your milk, it is a good plan to boil the grain first in water, then strain off the water, add half the quantity of milk given in the recipe, and bake the pudding for one hour.

Rice plainly boiled in milk or water and served with jam or treacle is very good. If you boil it in milk, take great care that it does not stick to the pan and get burnt.

A Recipe for Moulds.

One pint of milk or milk and water.

Two ounces of cornflour or ground rice.

Sugar and vanilla to taste.

Mix the powdered grain with a little of the milk. Pour the rest of the milk into the saucepan, add the sugar and vanilla, and bring it to the boil. Pour the boiling milk slowly into the basin which contains the smoothed grain, stirring all the time. Now put the mixture back into the saucepan, return it to the fire, and boil it for three to five minutes, stirring it very carefully.

You must get your spoon right down to the bottom of the pan, or the milk will catch and burn. When it is cooked it will thicken so much that it almost ceases to bubble and feels as stiff as batter.

Pour the mixture into a glass or china shape which has been dipped into cold water, set it aside till it is firm, then turn it out on to a glass dish.

If you want to decorate a mould, arrange a pattern of chopped fruits or sweets inside the shape before pouring in the mixture.

If the mould has turned lumpy in boiling you can make it right again by putting it through a wire sieve. But as this is rather a troublesome and wasteful process, you had better be on the safe side and stir your mixture with the greatest possible care while it is on the fire.

TOAST IN COMFORT.

THERE is scarcely any need to explain this illustration—it is so simple, yet so useful.

Before toasting bread in front of a bright fire, push the handle of your toasting-fork through the centre of a piece of cardboard. Any old cardboard will do so long as it is big enough to shield you from the heat of the fire and allow you to toast your bread in comfort.

HOME HINTS.

To Sprinkle Clothes Quickly for Ironing.

Use a small brush dipped in a bowl of lukewarm water.

A Cure for Rheumatic Pains.

Make an onion poultice and place it on the affected parts, leaving it on for about half an hour.

When Soaking a Cauliflower.

Prior to cooking it, place it in unsalted water. This draws out the insects. If the water is salted the insects are killed, but remain in the vegetable.

When Eggs are Scarce

Pastry can be glazed without them. Soak a few shreds of saffron in a tablespoonful of warm water, allow to get cold, then brush over the pies. If for meat pies add a little salt, if for fruit some sugar.

To Relieve Asthma.

Soak a piece of blotting-paper in a strong solution of saltpetre. Dry it, then cut into pieces two inches square; place on a plate in the bedroom and set light to it. Great relief will be experienced.

To Save Polishing Linoleum.

Melt some glue in water, then place the vessel containing it in a saucepan of boiling water on the stove and allow it to stand till dissolved. Wash the linoleum well, and when dry wipe over the glue water, which must be hot at the time. This will save continual polishing.

Cleaning the Gloves and Shoes for the Party.

To Clean White Kid Gloves.

Make a mixture of equal parts of finely powdered fuller's earth and alum. Rub well into the gloves with a piece of soft flannel and then thoroughly brush off with a soft brush.

To Clean Suede Shoes.

Stuff the shoes with paper, then dip a rag in turpentine and rub the suède. Continue rubbing, turning the rag when soiled, till the shoes look quite clean. Then hang in a current of air to remove the smell of turpentine.

Three Hints About Cheese.

One Pound of Cheese

Has almost the same food value as two pounds of fresh beef or mutton.

One Pound of Cheese

Is equal in food value and more digestible than one pound of ham.

One Pound of Cheese

Is equal in food value to three pounds of fish and three pounds (in weight) of eggs.

Six Hints on Mangling Clothes.

1. The roller boards should be kept perfectly clean.
2. The folded sides of the article must be put through the machine first. This keeps the clothes straight.
3. Mangling must be done slowly and evenly.
4. All articles should be passed through the machine several times.
5. Never try to pass too great a thickness through. Fold the article in a small bulk and a better result will be obtained.
6. Always unscrew the machine when the mangling is finished.

A FREE PRESCRIPTION THAT IS WORTH FIVE GUINEAS.

"I FULLY ENDORSE WHAT OTHERS SAY OF IT."

A lady's thanks: "If you had suffered from severe headache with Neuralgia and Neuritis as I have done, you would be equally grateful for information that was the means of curing me, especially as it was free. I fully endorse every word others have written of this wonderful prescription. If such information was always given to the public gratis, what a blessing it would be to many sufferers from chronic pain.

"The prescription can be filled by any chemist. Ask yours for 60 grains of Kephaldol in tablet form. Instant relief will be obtained by taking two tablets, and one at intervals of an hour will soon cure your pain, whether in the nerves or of rheumatic origin. It's guaranteed to do this."

—For the best replies I will give five Blue Bird Brooches. Mark postcards "Black." *(See page 746.)*

NO MORE BILIOUSNESS

Get Rid Of Your Constipation
Make The Liver Act Freely
Flush The Kidneys Frequently
Take Kutnow's Powder Gratis

CONSTIPATION. A great medical authority on the Prevention and Cure of this disorder writes:—"It becomes the duty of every man and woman who wishes to live long, healthily, and happily, to assist nature to overcome the arch-enemy, constipation. The excreta remaining in the bowels for a longer time than the provision of nature allows, undergoes decomposition, with a result that certain poisonous substances are formed. It can be readily seen that when the body wastes are not properly eliminated, they are thus retained in contact with the absorbing surface, and a large part of the poisonous substances reabsorbed, causing bad blood, anæmia, lassitude, weakness, headache, and a general feeling of illness. Many chemical substances of a highly injurious nature are constantly formed in the body laboratory, and unless these are periodically flushed out of the intestines, serious disease of a dangerous and stubborn character are liable to overpower one at any moment. The food débris of an evening party or a society banquet is a well-known source not only of discomfort next day, but often the direct cause of infectious disease, due entirely to the inability of nature to get rid of the poisonous, fermenting waste."

Read what the Doctor wrote:—Prof. I. N. Love, M.D., wrote:

"Thorough elimination is salvation, and there is no better eliminator than Kutnow's Powder. It cleanses the bowels, acts as a diluent and flushes out the kidneys in a most satisfactory way. The great surgeon, Prof. Lawson Tait, M.D., for years found Kutnow's Powder of great value to himself personally and in his practice. He realised, as all careful, observing practitioners do, that it is necessary to cleanse the system frequently."

Nurse Phillips, of Edge Hill, Liverpool, writes:

"I have given Kutnow's Powder in two special cases of Constipation, with the result that one patient is now quite well; the other only needs an occasional dose. Both are cases of several years' standing. I shall continue to use it. As a nurse of great experience I think Kutnow's Powder is excellent."

Doctor J. Bond Sullivan writes:

"Having recently got a sample of Kutnow's Powder, from which I personally derived much benefit, will you now kindly send me a larger supply. I really feel dissatisfied without it myself. I have recommended it to several lady patients. An aged clergyman tells me he finds it effective and agreeable."

PERSONAL QUESTIONS.

Would you like to improve your health and strength, to always feel merry and bright, eager for work and pleasure and able to participate in the festivities of the winter season without any fear of bilious attacks?

Do you ever suffer from sluggish liver, do you at times experience distressing fatigue, ready for sleep when you ought to be awake and wakeful at night when you badly need sleep? If so, that's your liver!

Do you ever feel a dull aching pain in the back and notice any sediment in the urine? If so, the kidneys want flushing with Kutnow's Powder, as recommended by the Doctor—Prof. I. N. Love, M.D.

Are you often bothered with headaches, fits of unaccountable depression, sudden palpitation, insomnia, and nervousness? If so, that's constipation which has poisoned the blood and nerves.

Are you a gouty subject, do you feel twinges of rheumatism? If so, that's uric acid poison which should be at once cleared out with a dose of Kutnow's.

Dr. Haig, the great authority on uric acid poison, says: "Clear the blood of uric acid, and as the blood pressure is reduced and the pulse rate is quickened and the urine increased, the mental condition alters as if by magic; ideas flash through the brain, everything is remembered, nothing is forgotten, exercise of mind and body is a pleasure, the struggle for existence a glory, nothing is too good to be true, the impossible is within reach, and misfortunes slide like water off a duck's back. To such a terrible extent are we creatures of the circulation."...

Kutnow's Powder clears the system, expels the uric acid and purifies the circulation. It never fails to do good.

Send for a FREE SAMPLE at once

FAC-SIMILE OF FREE SAMPLE

TRIAL SAMPLE OF KUTNOW'S POWDER.

S. KUTNOW & Co Ld, 41, Farringdon Rd London, E.C.

CUT OUT AND SEND THE COUPON

TRY IT! 'TWILL DO YOU GOOD

To S. KUTNOW & CO. Ld., 41 Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

I should like to try a free sample of Kutnow's Powder.

SIGN THIS FORM

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Pearson's Weekly, Jan. 11th, 1913.

Cut out and post in open envelope; affix ½d. stamp.

FAC-SIMILE OF FREE SAMPLE

TRIAL SAMPLE OF KUTNOW'S POWDER.

S. KUTNOW & Co Ld, 41, Farringdon Rd London, E.C.

CUT OUT AND SEND THE COUPON

£250 FOR TWELVE MATCHES!

SUPPOSING, one morning, that the postman dropped a letter into your letter box informing you that you had won £250 in the *P.W.* football competition! Just try to imagine what your thoughts would be, and what you would do with the money. This is just what is likely to happen to some one who enters our contest this week.

£250 for twelve matches! That's not an impossible task by any means, is it?

But of course you won't win if you don't try, will you?

You have a try! You and you alone may be the successful competitor. You'll find full particulars on the second page of this issue.

A SHARK STORY.

ALL stories about sharks are rather fishy, as LIVERPUDLIAN acknowledges in his letter: "I know that people who are not anglers will cast doubt upon this story, but I have no reason to disbelieve it. It was told to me by a sailor friend. While on the way to India the crew caught a shark, which on being cut open revealed a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, dated August 18, 1910. Don't you think that it was extraordinary?"——

It was, LIVERPUDLIAN. It is wonderful the way education is spreading nowadays. *P.W.* has a pretty big circulation *over* the seas, but, really, this is the first time I have heard of it being taken *in* the sea! If that kind of thing happens frequently I shall have to print *Pearson's Weekly* on waterproof paper so that it can be passed round! One thing it proves, and that is, that our stories are quite pleasant and easy to swallow!

THE ORGAN STOP.

"SEEING your reply to a correspondent about musical type," writes QUAVER, "can you tell me how many stops a barrel organ has?"——

Certainly, QUAVER. A barrel-organ has one stop. It begins early in the morning and stops last thing at night.

WHO PAYS?

To put it mildly, the young man of to-day is becoming a little too thrifty, judging by the letter I get from EXPENSE, who writes: "I am engaged to be married and work in London. My people live in Derbyshire and have invited my sweetheart to come and stay with them for a few days, as they have not yet seen her. Naturally, I shall take her up to Derbyshire myself. What I want to know is, am I supposed to pay her railway fare? Should she pay her own or should I pay for both?"——

You will pay for both, EXPENSE, and you ought to be jolly glad to do so. There is no question about that, and, candidly, I wonder why you have raised the question, unless you are really worried about the etiquette of paying, in which case I apologise for any suspicions of meanness I may have had. There will come a time when you will have to pay, and should be delighted to pay, *all* her expenses. As she is going to visit your people it is an excellent time to start.

DISHONEST TRADESMEN.

THERE are tricks in most trades, but not everyone in business likes to practise these tricks. ASSISTANT is one of the latter, and writes: "For some years I have been an assistant in a certain shop. Customers are cheated regularly, and though the amount by which each is defrauded is very little, nevertheless it makes a considerable difference—and profit—in the week's takings. I had to shut my eyes to these tricks or lose my job. Now, however, I have saved enough money to set up in business on my own. Ought I to allow my assistants to cheat or not? The reason I ask is that these tricks are common throughout my trade, and if I am honest I am not competing on level terms with my rivals."——

Quite right, ASSISTANT, you are *not* competing on *level* terms, but on higher and better terms altogether if you drop those tricks. Dishonesty may pay for a short time, but honesty is the best policy in the long run.

Customers always find out sooner or later if they are not getting proper value for their money, and promptly take their custom somewhere else. Another thing, ASSISTANT, I feel sure that the tricks you speak of are not customary throughout the trade. Taken all round, tradesmen are as honest as any other class of people, and it is only the few here and there who are dishonest in their methods. They are seldom successful, however.

SHOULD BOYS BE BIRCHED?

"I AM against corporal punishment altogether," writes FATHER, "but most of my friends disagree with me. I have a boy who has just turned six years old, and though he is sometimes very troublesome I never birch or cane him. I generally punish him in other ways, by allowing him no jam for a week or stopping his play time. The reason I object to corporal punishment is that when I was a boy my father used to thrash me soundly for the least offence, with the result that I became more of a little savage than anything else. I used to take a delight in seeing others hurt, chiefly because, I suppose, I used to get hurt myself so frequently."——

Corporal punishment always was, and I suppose always will be, a debatable question, FATHER. Personally, I am in favour of a certain amount. Spare the rod and spoil the child is a good maxim, so long as it is not carried out unthinkingly. To punish a child because he is not as clever with his lessons as other children is, for example, sheer barbarity. Nor do I think children should be punished, as they so often are, for things which are pure accident. A boy should only be punished when he wilfully does wrong.

SMOKING IN THE HOME.

MRS. SMOKER is the *nom de plume* used by one of my lady readers, who writes: "I don't mind my husband smoking, but I object to him smoking except in one particular room. He says that if he can't smoke in any part of the house he chooses he will go to his club and spend his evenings there in future. Don't you think that I am right in objecting to him filling the whole house with the reek of tobacco?"——

Be tactful, MRS. SMOKER. I don't suppose for one minute that your husband does make "the whole house reek of tobacco," though some husbands really are perfect smoke nuisances. Take my advice and let him smoke in any room he wishes. If you do it tactfully, you will find that in a few weeks he will settle down in the room you originally selected! The funny part about it will be that he will pat himself on the back as having won a great victory!

WORKERS AND SLACKERS.

"DON'T you think," writes EMPLOYEE, "that most young men make a great mistake in not studying their employers' interests more than they do? In my office, for instance, if any of the clerks have no work to do they sit and talk about sport, or what's on at the music halls. They never seem to think of helping anyone who has an extra amount of work to do. I am sure that a good many people would now be in good positions, instead of being unemployed, if they had concentrated on their employer's business all the time."——

I quite agree with you, EMPLOYEE. These are strenuous times, and no young man can expect to get on if he is content just to do the work that's nearest and loaf about when it is done. The man who gets on is the one who takes a keen interest in his work, and is not afraid of doing a little overtime without grumbling. Employers always know the right man to choose when there's promotion in the air, and it is not the man who watches the clock or slacks when there is work to be done.

ALWAYS TELL MOTHER.

"I often see letters from young readers asking for help," writes MARY, "so perhaps you will help me, as I am only seventeen. A gentleman has fallen in love with me and writes me long love-letters every week. His age is thirty-five. He has asked me to keep his love-letters secret and not show them to anyone. What I want to know is, should I show them to my mother? I don't like keeping a secret from her."——

By all means tell your mother, MARY; and if you take my advice you will tell her as soon as possible. Half the unhappiness girls bring upon themselves is because they do not confide in their mother. After all, she is her daughter's best adviser, isn't she? Your lover may be one of the nicest men in the world, but he ought not to have asked you to keep his love for you a secret. In fact, considering how young you are and how old he is, comparatively speaking, he ought to have talked to your mother first.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, January 14th.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

505 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants on railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonth's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange

Signature .....

Available from 9 a.m. Monday, January 6th, 1913, until midnight, Monday, January 13th, 1913.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

THE MAN WHO IS CURING THE NATION'S EYESIGHT.

How a Famous London Specialist's Wonderful Discovery Is Bringing Perfect Sight to Thousands Whose Eyesight Has Been Ruined by Too Much Study, Too Close Work, or Failing Through Age.

A SPLENDID BOON WHICH GIVES BACK STRONG, YOUTHFUL SIGHT, AND OVERCOMES THE NECESSITY FOR EXPENSIVE AND DISFIGURING GLASSES.

A well-known London specialist has made a remarkable discovery, which already is making a sensation wherever the result of its use is known.

It is nothing less than the discovery of a wonderfully simple yet scientific method for restoring tired, old eyes to their once youthful, clear-seeing power.

Everybody who for the first time is told about the new discovery is eagerly asking, "Will it do my sight good?"

The answer in practically every case is, "Yes."

What the great German oculists have so long held as the greatest theory in connection with the cure of eyesight troubles, Mr. John Levison has at last made practicable, and the system of scientific massage applied to the weakened muscular system of the eye, adopted in practice by leading authorities, is now perfected in such a simple form that the sufferer himself may adopt this method of treatment with perfect confidence and without any supervision in his own home.

As Mr. John Levison, the discoverer of this wonderful method of eyesight restoration, says: "Every sufferer may cure his or her own trouble at home inexpensively and speedily by following out the simple instructions I give which are so simple that a child could understand, yet so effective as to be of benefit no matter how bad the sight may be."

One can easily imagine how enthusiastic are those whom Mr. Levison's discovery has already restored to perfect sight.

Letters pour in upon him daily saying what a splendid boon it is to have once more the blessing of good eyesight

CLASSES RENDERED UNNECESSARY.

Everyone who suffers from eyesight trouble of any kind will especially welcome the relief from the necessity of wearing spectacles which are not only a disfigurement, but a constant source of expense.

What is of far more serious importance is the fact that Mr. John Levison's discovery enables the weak-sighted to check the insidious nature and ever-growing worse condition of their trouble, and build up the eyesight in perfect strength to see clearly at any age. Mr. Levison does not claim his discovery as a "cure-all," but whenever a cure is possible the Levison Treatment will accomplish it.

Most successful has the new discovery proved in the cure of

1. **Failing or weakening eyesight.**
2. **Long Sightedness.**
3. **Short Sightedness.**
4. **Old Sight and Blurring.**
5. **Twitching eyes.**
6. **Hot eyes.**
7. **Watery eyes.**
8. **Discharging eyes.**
9. **Unequal power of eyes.**
10. **Aching eyes.**
11. **Red and inflamed eyes.**
12. **Eyesight headaches.**

Particularly those who are somewhat advanced in years find benefit from Mr. Levison's method, and already a great many men and women of fifty, sixty, or seventy years write him stating they can once again see clearly. Their tired eyes are restrengthened, and they need no longer have recourse to their old glasses.

Mr. Levison has thought how he could best reply to the great number of eyesight sufferers who have written to him in order to let them know exactly what his discovery is and how it may be adopted, and he has now prepared printed particulars which clearly set out what this wonderful method is and what it will do for those with weak sight.

Copies of these particulars may be obtained either by calling on Mr. Levison personally or by writing to him at The Levison Eyesight Institute, 64 Wigmore Street, London, W.

MEDICAL PRESS COMMENDS DISCOVERY.

Naturally, Mr. John Levison has already communicated his discovery to the scientific Press, and that old-established and authoritative medical journal, the "Family Doctor," warmly approves of Mr. Levison's clever discovery, and advises all who have weak or failing sight to write to him for the particulars he is for the time being prepared to send to anyone who will write him enclosing penny stamp for reply. For your convenience the Coupon below may be filled in and posted for the particulars of the new discovery which restores weak or failing sight.

CUT OUT AND FORWARD

To Mr. JOHN LEVISON,
64 Wigmore St., Cavendish Sq., London, W.

Please send me full particulars of your new eyesight discovery. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Pearson's Weekly, 11.1.13.

THE-TIN-YOU CON-TIN-UE.

Fry's

"Of Unsurpassed Flavour."

PURE BREAKFAST

Cocoa

4½d. per ¼lb. tin.

(The Yellow and Red Label.) **"THE HIGHEST COCOA VALUE OBTAINABLE."**

NO COUPONS—FULL VALUE IN THE COCOA.

THE FOLLOWING AMOUNTS OFFERED THIS WEEK:

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE	4th PRIZE	5th PRIZE
£100	£60	£40	£20	£10

AND PRIZES OF £5, 10s., AND 5s.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with the middle letter in heavy type in the list opposite, and the second and third with any of the letters in the chosen word or phrase, or you may use the middle letter as initial of all three words of your "Middle." For instance, suppose you take the word "IMPOSTORS," the centre letter of which is "S." Use this letter as the initial for the first word and, say, "S" for the second and we get "SELDOM SIMPLE." Or, again, take the phrase "MERRY WIDOWS," the centre letter of which is "W." We choose "S" and "M" as the other letters, and get "WANT SMART MEN."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

The following is the list from which you must make your "Middles" this week:

VILE SCANDAL WOMEN'S VOTES ENDORSE CABINET MINISTER HAIR OIL RAILWAY STRIKERS MONKEY HOUSE DRUG TAKER MERRY WIDOWS SWEET LIPS TIME FLIES LOVERS QUARREL PRODIGAL SON; BOUNCING BOY ELOPEMENT OPEN CHEQUES TAXI CAB SHOE BLACK QUEER FISH GOOD SAMARITAN MATRIMONY EARLY BIRD PET DOGS FIRE IRONS RECITER INSURANCE AGENTS LAUGHABLE NOTE PAPER ILL WIND GAS METERS MARKET PLACE BATH CHAIR BAD COLDS FESTIVALS WATER CART FEROCIOUS STAGE STRUCK WEATHER BEATEN IMPOSTORS FORFEIT ECLIPSE GOOD RESOLUTIONS

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.

2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

3. Each competitor must give his or her real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.

4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

5. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 48," in the top left-hand corner.

6. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, January 14th.

7. There are two entry forms, you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.

8. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where a P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

9. The first prize will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize will be divided amongst all such senders.

10. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

11. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

12. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

13. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

<............ *Cut across here* ....>

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 48.

	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
48	....	....
	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O....................

Address ....

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

<............ *Cut across here* ....>

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 48.

	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
48	....	....
	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O....................

Address ....

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 44.

FIRST PRIZE, £100.

The first prize of £100 has been awarded to:

S. M. COLLINS, 43 Lapwing Lane, West Didsbury, Manchester,

for the "Middle":—

"EXCHEQUER"—"EXTRACTION" HURTS EXCRUCIATINGLY.

The second prize of £60 has been awarded to:

A. J. BASFORD, Witney, Oxford, for the "Middle":—

"BICYCLE RIDE"—LIFELIKE—DOWNHILL EASIEST.

The third prize of £40 has been awarded to:

M. DOWDALL, 106 Colehill Lane, Fulham, S.W., for the "Middle":—

"POSTSCRIPTS"—"CORRESPONDENCE PROPER" STARTS.

The fourth prize of £20 has been awarded to:

Cr. Sergt. S. A. ALLISON, R.M.A., Eastney Bks., Portsmouth, for the "Middle":—

"THE TUBE"—THIRSTY BABY ENJOYS.

The fifth prize of £10 has been awarded to:

EDWIN J. DAVEY, 18 Hillaries Road, Gravelly Hill, Birm., for the "Middle":—

"BANK BOOKS"—BEST "BLUNT" SPEAKERS.

Prizes of £5 each have been awarded to:

Bandsman A. J. MEAD, 1st Leicester Regt., Fermoy, Ireland, for the "Middle":—

"BANK BOOKS"—BEAUTIFY AGED SPINSTERS,

and

F. DENLEY, Longdon, Tewkesbury, for the "Middle":—

"BANK BOOKS"—BEAUTIFY BALD BRIDEGROOMS.

PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

Allard, H., 1 Fiona Place, Lower Rd., St. Mary Cray.
Andrews, R. B., 118 Cliftonpark Ave., Belfast.
Ash, W. C., 51 Wednesbury Rd., Walsall.
Atkins, W. M., 33 Hollin Cross Lane, Glossop.
Barnard, H., 9 Homend, Ledbury.
Bascom, E. P., Eaton Bray, Dunstable.
Bradnick, A. G., 22 Hill St., Newtown, Leeds.
Brain, Rev. W., H.M. Prison, Hull.
Burnett, G., Meadowfield Rd., Bridlington.
Burton, W., St. Georges St., Winchester.
Cantwell, L. E., 6 Grand Avenue, Hove.
Cartwright, E., 7 Park St., Stourbridge.
Christie, J., Station Sq., Stevenston, Ayrshire, N.B.
Clarke, A., 72 Beresford Rd., Liverpool, S.
Clyde, R., 35 Wyndham Rd., Salisbury, Wilts.
Cooper, Ada S., 85 Boscombe Rd., Southend-on-S.
Conner, B., 196 St. Vincent St., Glasgow.
Coleman, A. T., 24 Mill Rd., Bury St. Edmunds.
Copplestone, H. J., Albert Drive, Gateshead-on-T.
Crabtree, Kate, 18 Bull Close Lane, Halifax.
Cullis, T. D., 17 Eaton Crescent, Swansea.
Cunningham, Mrs. J. C., Learmouth Grove, Edin.
Cusworth, C., 231 Park Rd., Aston, Birmingham.
Daly, W., 28 Ann St., Newtownards, Ireland.
Denham, H., 39 Harrow Rd., Brislington, Bristol.
Derrick, E. T., 93 Whiteladies Rd., Bristol.
Dodds, J., 41 Shields Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Drake, F. B., 5 Woodsley Terr., Leeds.
Dunkerley, J. S., Rivington View, Henshaw St., Oldham.
Earle, E., 16 Clarendon Rd., Trowbridge, Wilts.
Edwards, W. R., Station Rd., King's Heath, B'ham
Fitzgeorge, W., Hammerwick, Lichfield, Staffs.
Flemming, W. S., 3 Kingston Rd., Bradford-on-A.
Fletcher, W., 19 Hope St., Barnsley.
Forder, J. R., 37 Trelawney Rd., Plymouth.
Gaiger, Miss K., Dolseran Hall, Dolgelly, N.W.
Gale, H. A., Whittington, nr. Lichfield.
Greenwood, I., 5 Orchard Grove, Orpington, Kent.
Griffiths, A. J., 216 Clive St., Grangetown, Cardiff.
Griffiths, R., 27 Lleyn St., Pwllheli, N.W.
Guy, R. B., 23 St. Mary St., Cardiff.
Harris, G., Carisbrooke Cott., Carisbrooke, I.W.
Haywood, Mrs. A., Leigh, Sinton Rd., Malvern Lin
Herd, H., 10 Walter St., Old Trafford, M'ter.
Hill, F. C., 12 Uphill Rd., Ashley Down, Horfield, Bristol.
Howe, J., 8 Green Rd., Southsea.
Isles, Mrs., 20 Annandale St., Edinburgh.
Johnson, T., 64 Wilson St., St. Helens, Lancs.
Jones, C., Holme Church Lane, Beverley.
Kennedy, F., York Cottage, York Rd., Exeter.
Kirkcaldy, A. A., Lochend, Glengarnock, N.B.
Lamb, G. W., 33 Alderson Place, Sheffield.
Lewis, Miss A., 20 Linden Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea.
Maddison, J., Front Station Rd., West Carnforth.
Martin, E., 38 Harboro' Rd., Southampton.
Martin, Mrs. T. M., 12 Trinity St., Dublin.
Mason, J. H., George Rd., Gravelly Hill, B'ham.
McDonald, W. M., 26 Ward St., Walsall.
McKinley, G. F., 101 High St., Bloxwich, Staffs.
Mosby, Miss E., Moor Terr., Leeds Hill, Kippax.
Murtough, J., 56 Stubbington Ave., Portsmouth.
Newton, I., 8 Union St., Mansfield, Notts.
Ogden, J., 177 Burnley Lane, Oldham.
Oswald, W., 15 Mulgrave Terr., Kingstown, Ire.
Overton, J. I., 25 Swinton Place, Bradford, Yorks.
Pape, F., Grove Lane, Handsworth.
Parker, J., M.D., Grand Theatre, Lancaster.
Percival, P. E., 225 Lake Rd., Portsmouth.
Perrelle, G. E. de la, Hillsboro' Terr., Ilfracombe.
Pickering, G., 8 Evelyn Gdns., Belfast.
Pool, E. H., The Dell, Highams Pk., Chingford.
Provarts, A., 84 King St., Manchester.
Randells, T., Clarendon Rd., Kenilworth.
Rhodes, R., 23 Church Ave., Penarth.
Rice, G., 16 Woodchurch Rd., Stoneycroft, L'pool.
Rickus, J., 35 Vincent St., Hr. Broughton.
Robinson, Miss C. I., Glewstone, Ross-on-Wye.
Rosier, J., 1 Brandon Bldgs., Clifton.
Ross, J. F., 23 Bagdale, Whitby, Yorks.
Sallis, E. H., 47 High St., Worcester.
Shaw, G. H., 72 Selwyn St., Stoke-on-Trent.
Smith, F., 27 Salisbury Rd., Exeter.
Smith, E. R., Aston Lane, Witton, Birmingham.
Smither, L. V., 30 Thornhill Rd., Plymouth.
Slade, H., Roscrea, Avonmouth, Bristol.
Slaughter, A., 42 Trafalgar Rd., Greenwich, Kent.
Stephenson, R., Bayswater Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Stevens, Mrs. E. J. G., "Studland," Goldney Rd., Clifton, Bristol.
Stevens, H. J., Shakespeare Rd., Herne Hill, S.E.
Storey, A., Market Place, Askrigg, Yorks.
Taylor, A. J., 225 Duncan Rd., Leicester.
Thorp, Burford, 13 Greville Rd., Kilburn, N.W.
Thorn, G., Blue Poultry Farm, Cotherstone, Darlington.
Towers, H., The Larches, Birstall Pk., Leicester.
Valder, Mrs., The Old Martyrs, Crawley, Sussex.
Vaughan, H., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.
Warburton, J. S., Holmecliffe Rd., Blackpool, N.S.
White, G., 56 Langford St., Leek, Staffs.
Woulds, W. H., 11 Dickenson Rd., Weston-s.-Mare.
Wright, G., Hazelbourne Rd., Balham Hill, S.W.

PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

Ainley, P., Lydgate View, New Mill, Huddersfield.
Aldrich, P., 104 Rock Ave., Gillingham.
Andrews, F. W., 17 Albert St., Maidstone.
Angrave, A. H., Oakhurst Grove, East Dulwich.
Antrobus, T. W., Normanton Ave., Wimbledon Pk.
Atkin, F., 45 Brougham St., Burnley.
Ballantyne, G., Catherine St., Motherwell.
Barlow, C., 5 Emmeline St., Birmingham.
Barrow, G., Sea View, Marine Pde., Gt. Y'rm'th
Bell, W. E., 36 Myers Rd. West, Crosby.
Bennett, Dorothy G., Francemary Rd., Brockley.
Bolton, E., West Villas, Stockton-on-Tees.
Brookes, W. S., 13, Trinity Rd., Liscard.
Brown, J. G., 67 Princes St., Thurso.
Burgess, W. J., 60 Stafford Rd., Southampton.
Clafton, W., 21 Lime St., Cleckheaton, Yorks.
Clulow, F. W., 23 Overdale Rd., Derby.
Coombe, M. W., Corporation St., Aberystwyth.
Corbett, J., Summerfield, Tarporley, Cheshire.
Court, W., 58 Hamilton St., Wishaw.
Craighead, J., 19 Newick Rd., Lr. Clapton, N.E.
Crooke, C. G., High St., Coleshill.
Cullum, C., Churchside, Cleethorpes.
Davis, G., Newlands, Edgware, Middlesex.
Dickinson, R., Burnley Rd., Clayton-le-Moors.
Dickinson, R. J. B., 34 Dock St., Newport, Mon.
Draper, G. W., 99 Woodroyd Rd., Bradford.
Farrer, W. H., 155 Roxburgh St., Liverpool.
Fisher, A. B., Ashmead, Hatton Rd., Cheshunt.
Flatman, W. J., Farnham Rd., Handsworth.
Friend, H., 6 Brown St., Gardens, Bacup.
French, M., 510 King St., Aberdeen.
Gentle, W. E., 15 Glenfield Ave., Leicester.
Gonison, C. J., Bassingham, Lincoln.
Griffin, A., 50 Kempthorne St., Gravesend.
Grundy, W., Police Stn., Penistone, nr. Sheffield.
Hall, H., Beighton Rd., Woodhouse, nr. Sheffield.
Harold, J., 25 Park Rd. East, Birkenhead.
Helmn, Scout F. W., Woolmer Villas, Blackmoor, Hants.
Henderson, C., Draper, Wooler, S.O., N'th'mb'rl'd
Henderson, T., 45 Eglinton St., Sunderland.
Hill, W., 64 Vivian Rd., Harborne, B'ham.
Hockney, A., Clumber St., Princes Ave., Hull.
Hodgetts, H. C., 65 Holliday Rd., Handsworth.
Huffen, E., Southwell Rd., Kirkby-in-Ashfield
Jack, W., Granville Sq., Stone, Staffs.
Jenkins, K. L., Newborough, Anglesea.
Keith, W., 3 Orchard St., Aberdeen.
Laurence, E. G., 66 Ettington Rd., Aston.
Lawson, F. R., Parkville, South Shields.
Lucas, T., R.E. Office, The Barracks, Cork.
Marsh, Mrs., Syringa, Southchurch, Essex.
Mason, Mrs. E., Home Farm Cottage, Tewnley.
Masser, W. W., 132 East Parade, Heworth.
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McNeill, Col.-Sergt. D., Highland L.I., Hamilton
Mitchell, G., 4 Victoria Sq., Portland.
Mullins, F., 75 Goodhind St., Bristol.
Nayler, J. W., Minerva Rd., Kingston-on-Thames
Nicholson, Mrs., Dumbarton House, Lancaster.
Noakes, G., Colomendy, Mold, N. Wales.
Northcote, P. E., Woodlands Pk. Rd., Harringay
O'Hare, F. J., 27 Dawson St., Dublin.
Orr, J., 33 Southcote Rd., S. Norwood, S.E.
Overend, A., 130 Idle Rd., Bradford.
Owen, Mrs. J., 45 Woodland Rd., Gorton.
Parkin, J. H., 37 Selborne St., Liverpool.
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Potts, C., 23 Sydenham Terr., Sunderland.
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Reece, V., 3 Lancashire Rd., Co. Grnds., Bristol.
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Richardson, Mary, 2 Kirks Place, Huddersfield
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Walker, P., 33 Goldsmith Rd., King's Heath, B'ham.
Watson, Miss, 14 Station Rd., Carluke, N.B.
West, F. R., 1 Greenmount Villas, Dover.
Wright, J., 33 Eldon Place, Liverpool.

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WHY NOT send me a trial order now—at once—and have a share? Don't wait until to-morrow. Do it NOW!

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So numerous have been our Successes during the past few months that we have been enabled to increase our already large staff, and we are now prepared to accept a further 200 members on our system of

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LETTER FROM

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Supt., Competitors' Mutual Society, Beverley, E. Yorks.

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Prove it to-day—NOW—and—

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To Mr. C. Keylock,
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Please send me Two FREE Trial Efforts for..... and pamphlet full of testimonials from clients who have won with your aid. I enclose stamped address and agree to pay you 3s. in the £1 if a win results.

Name.....

Address.....

P.W. January 11th, 1913.

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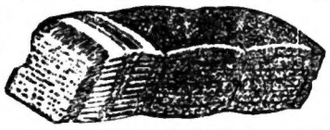

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